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The Week

THE Senate investigations of the naval oil leases and of Attorney-General Daugherty have now gone far enough to show clearly the conditions which existed in Washington during the two years of the Harding administration. Some individual witnesses may prove to be unreliable, some statements may turn out false. But the broad outlines of the picture will remain essentially as they now stand. History will record that during this period public resources of great value were abandoned to private interests; that this was accompanied by the most shameless purchase of high officials; and that during this time one of the most important government departments was the familiar meeting place of a nest of incredibly vulgar and sordid rascals engaged in bootlegging, drug-smuggling, criminal conspiracy, and the giving and accepting of bribes. That stain is indelible.

INDELIBLE, in particular, is the stain on the character of Attorney-General Daugherty. Even should he successfully disprove all charges of personal complicity in the various illegal operations which went on in his office, he has revealed himself for all time as a man whose natural affiliations were with, and personal preferences for, persons who can only be characterized as belonging to the underworld. It is incredible that the Attorney-General does not see how all his replies to the evidence offered against him serve only to reinforce the assumption that that evidence is substantially correct. Typical of his attitude is his assertion that Roxie Stinson had sought to extort $150,000 from him as the price of her silence. Obviously, no better testimony could be offered that she believed her own story. Up to the present practically the only response of Mr. Daugherty to any of the series of charges has been to attack the character of the witnesses. Mr. Daugherty could be as innocent as possible of any crime; and would yet have revealed himself as thoroughly unfit not only for his present high office but for any other.

THE most shocking aspect of the whole shocking business is the attitude displayed toward the revelations by a large part of the press. All their indignation is saved for the mistakes and frailties of the investigators; they have none to waste on dishonest officials and their bootlegging, drug-smuggling, bribing allies. If you were to read only the editorial pages of most of the great conservative dailies in our larger cities (with a few honorable exceptions such as the Boston Transcript) you would get an impression that the members of the Senate committees were hysterical fools and that the persons they are investigating have done nothing which ought not to be condoned, with a wink, as harmless peccadilloes by men of the world. Such an attitude on the part of alleged leaders of public opinion might well cause the honest citizen to despair.

CERTAINLY it is true that the investigators are not perfect, that they make mistakes, pursue false trails, occasionally turn the limelight on innocent persons, and are not wholly unconscious of the political effects of their activities. But when, since the world began, have investigators been

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perfect? Has any other investigation in the whole history of America ever revealed so much important evidence of corruption in so short a time? The truth is, as every sensible man knows, that you must choose between an imperfect investigation such as we are having, and none at all. The newspapers which bend every effort to belittle and deride the senators who are surveying the condition of our Augean stables, lay themselves open to the grave suspicion that what they want is no investigation at all, but the sealing up of the whole malodorous mess.

THE Senate, as we go to press, is contemplating a separate investigation of contributors and contributions to the Republican campaign fund in 1920. Such an inquiry is clearly needed. The Republican leaders must be in a queer state of mind, to reëcho Will Hays's satisfaction that the Sinclair gift has boiled down from $1,850,000 to only $75,000. "Only" indeed! One is reminded of the servant girl who pleaded in extenuation of her baby that it was such a little one. A $75,000 gift from Mr. Sinclair, in view of the millions the oil magnate expected to make through the connivance of the administration becomes a political scandal of the first importance. It is magnified by Sinclair's defiance of the Senate committee and of public opinion in refusing to testify. The public has a right to know and will demand to know how many oil men and others who had an ax to grind came to the support of the party, and to what extent.

WASHINGTON is already the seat of more investigations than the public can follow; yet there is one additional matter which deserves a large share of the national attention and is getting none. We refer to the huge development in the last few years of a spy service. Armies of private detectives have been built up in the Treasury Department, the Post Office Department and above all in the Department of Justice. Such organizations are wholly undesirable even when devoted to the public service. Men of intelligence and integrity do not become detectives; it is an employment which attracts an inferior personnel in the first place, and debauches even them; and it gains no results worth having which could not be achieved in other ways. Unfortunately, this objection is far from being the worst. There is every reason to believe that the spy system of the government has been used in the attempt to hamper the investigations, now in progress, of corruption in high places. It is admitted that Senator La Follette's office was rifled for the purpose of "getting something on him," to use the detectives' own vocabulary. It was hoped, of course, that if this attempt were successful Mr. La Follette could be blackmailed into halting the investigation of the oil leases. A woman detective was used in operations of similar purport directed against Senator Caraway. Two spies were set on the trail of Senator Wheeler.

THE atmosphere which has been created in Washington by these armies of spies was well described recently by Clinton W. Gilbert, author of The Mirrors of Washington, and correspondent for the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Mr. Gilbert, an experienced and able journalist, has the following to say:

> I don't like the kind of thing that the war, Mitch Palmer, and Daugherty have been trying to fasten upon us and [W. J.] Burns is part of that. I think this is ceasing to be America when you wonder whether your telephone is being listened in on. And you now do that here in Washington. I don't like "agents provocateurs." It seems to me that this contribution of tsarism to modern civilization might better have been left in Russia. I don't like framing people. I don't like Burns's third degree voice.

The condition Mr. Gilbert describes is common knowledge in Washington. New members of Congress find themselves shadowed for weeks after their first arrival in Washington. Rooms in the Congressional office buildings are entered at night and rifled. Important papers mysteriously disappear. Telephone wires are tapped. An atmosphere such as this generates a moral miasma. Honest men, with nothing to conceal, are cowed and terrorized by the fear that evidence of wrongdoing will be trumped up against them. The greatest task in generations now confronts the American people: the task of turning out the whole rotten crew who, like rats in a palace, have ensconsed themselves in the executive branch of the federal government. Getting rid of the spies, the whole lot of them, is one of the most important parts of that task.

EUROPE is still marking time as we go to press, waiting for the report of the Dawes committee, which is said to be still divided chiefly on the question of a moratorium for Germany. The franc has recovered to the level of last December, aided by the J. P. Morgan and Company credit and by the emergency measures for its support. Meanwhile, the likelihood of war grows steadily stronger in several parts of the continent. Rumania and Russia are at swords' points over the Bessarabian question. Bulgaria and Serbia are embroiled because of Serbia's request that Bulgaria arrest a number of Macedonian "bandits," a request which the Serbians do not think has been carried out in good faith. An alleged secret treaty between France and Czecho-Slovakia has been published by the Berliner Tageblatt, appear-

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ing on the day when Chancellor Marx and former Minister Stresemann arrived in Vienna for a state visit. The Tageblatt charges that Czecho-Slovakia has agreed to take the field with France if the German monarchists should become menacing, either to France or Poland, or if Germany and Austria should seek to unite. Both Prague and Paris deny vigorously that such a treaty exists; but the general state of affairs in Europe is such that no one would be surprised to discover that it was genuine.

FRANCE has again revived the rejected tripartite treaty of security, in a new form. The Temps is suggesting, no doubt by way of a trial balloon, that England and France bind themselves mutually to put down any act of aggression which violates the covenant of the League. It is explained that while the League procedure compels both nations to interfere, a direct treaty would provide still more prompt and efficacious action. MacDonald is too wise a bird to be caught with such chaff as this. What he is asked to do is not to guard France against German aggression but to underwrite all the existing territorial boundaries in Europe, and to obligate the British army and navy to fight for the maintenance of the status quo. This is much too large an order, especially as French action since the armistice has been of a sort to increase, rather than to diminish, the likelihood of military aggression. No labor government, nor any other likely to come to power in England, has any reason to undertake such a job.

IN raising again the question of a treaty with England guaranteeing France against a German attack Poincaré, however, is playing clever politics. He knows that MacDonald is sincerely committed to a policy of peace. The proposed treaty would take the determination of war and peace out of the hands of the British government and consign it to the governance of chance and French statecraft. If Germany is to be treated as a pariah through decades, it is practically certain that sooner or later a military madness will sweep through the land, and England under the treaty, would be compelled to go in, despite the fact that she disapproves of the policy of treating Germany in that fashion. MacDonald could not possibly afford to make such a commitment, as Poincaré knows. But when the question of the Ruhr occupation comes up in conference, Poincaré will be in a position to argue that in default of British support, France will have to take such measures as seem wise to her, in order to insure herself against German attack. This is an adroit move. But something more than adroitness is required if France is to keep her relations with England on a footing of friendly understanding.

WHEN the franc was plunging downward the political enemies of Poincaré seized the opportunity to launch a bitter campaign against him. An important section of the press went over to the opposition and clamored for his resignation. Now that the franc is booming Poincaré is coming back in high form. His political propaganda brackets the liberal leaders, Herriot and Painlevé, with Malvy and Caillaux—traitors all. That is just what an American statesman would do in a hot political contest. But it happens that Poincaré's vitriol is vastly more potent, as a consequence of the concentration of public feeling on the franc. Herriot and Painlevé unfortunately got themselves identified with the slump in the franc, an event that looked like a real national disaster to the hundreds of thousands of holders of national bonds. Poincaré is identified with the franc's triumphant recovery. If no severe reaction sets in—and Poincaré has in the gold reserve of the bank of France a powerful guarantee against reaction—the elections are likely to go hard with the liberals.

IF President Coolidge's slumbers are haunted nowadays it is doubtless by that redoubtable figure from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, Senator La Follette. In the Republican primary in North Dakota in which he was not even a candidate and had, on the eve of the election, expressly repudiated the effort on his behalf, the Wisconsin Senator ran well ahead of Hiram Johnson, and reduced President Coolidge to an actual minority of all the votes cast. The President, we grant, still has a degree of popularity in the West which must remain an enigma to those in close contact with political affairs in the East; but the North Dakota result is one of those victories which, repeated a few times, would spell disaster.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, undoubtedly the strongest political personage in the United States today, is playing a waiting game. He has let it be known that whether or not he will bolt the Republican party will depend upon the candidate and platform selected at the Cleveland convention. If these are illiberal, he will seek to put an opposition ticket into the field. Even so, however, it is not clear, and Senator La Follette himself probably does not know whether his new group will be a Progressive Republican party like that of 1912 or a genuine third party movement. From the standpoint of victory this year there are advantages in both courses of procedure. Thousands of voters would follow La Follette under an independent Republican banner who would not make the complete break to a third party. Also several of the Progressive group in Congress are running as Republicans or Democrats this year

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with a good chance of success which would be destroyed if they sought a third party designation. On the other hand, many independent Democrats, some faint-hearted Socialists and a large group of unattached voters would give allegiance to a third party who are not interested in Progressivism within the Republican party. La Follette's is the dilemma which inevitably besets the leader who is forced to keep one eye on ultimate ideals and the other on immediate results.

CONDITIONS in Congress do not look auspicious to the administration plan of separating off the twenty percent reduction in income taxes for the current year and passing it in advance of the compromise bill. The popular pressure for such action was considerable before March 15. But now another three months must elapse before the question of immediate reduction becomes pressing. The twenty-five percent cut is still popular enough to sugar-coat any bill, and we may be sure that the supporters of the compromise measure will not sacrifice the advantage that is to be had from it. But a considerable opposition to the flat twenty-five percent cut is developing. Unless the progress of the main bill is accelerated we may soon see a movement for making the reduction in the current year's tax conform to the progressive principle. The argument for making it do so is not without cogency. Since no question of tax evasion can arise, in view of the fact that the returns on which the tax is based are already in, the calculation is purely one of offering relief where it will do the most good. Might it not do more good if it were given in larger measure to the smaller taxpayers?

THE Senate has displayed excellent sense in again passing Senator Norris's constitutional amendment changing the date for assembling Congress and inaugurating the President. Under his proposal, which now goes to the House and if it passes there, to the legislatures of the forty-eight states, the Congress elected in November would convene on the first Monday in January and the new President and Vice-President would be inaugurated two weeks later. This would do away with the "lame duck" sessions, wherein members of Congress who have been repudiated at the polls continue to serve and the new men, who represent the present mood of the country, do not take office until thirteen months later. It would eliminate the short session which produces so much bad, ill-advised legislation and allows so many meritorious proposals to die. The outgoing President would retire from office a few weeks after the election, which would eliminate the embarrassing interregnum of several months during which he marks time. The Norris proposal also would clear up the dubious matter of procedure when no candidate secures a majority vote and an election is thrown into the House. In fact, the plan is such good sense and so obviously needed that it should have been adopted long ago.

The Senate and the Tax Bill

WITH the Mellon plan beaten in the House, and with the refusal of Congress to reduce the tax rates on 1923 incomes by twenty-five percent, the Senate is settling down to serious work on the new tax bill. The situation gives this body a rare opportunity to demonstrate its tradition of superior experience in political matters. The tax bill as finally passed by the House is by no means a satisfactory measure. It bears every evidence of having been constructed in haste and under the influence of political motives of the most partisan sort.

The Senate should give the country a national fiscal program carefully thought out after an examination of all the facts with respect to revenues and expenditures; and with respect to the ability of the people to pay. The House did not have the necessary facts before it for the construction of such a program. It did not know how much revenue the income taxes would yield at present rates for incomes earned in 1923.

The Senate attacks the tax problem with the benefit of all the facts which have been developed out of the discussion of the last three months. The Treasury statements concerning the effect of tax-exempt securities upon the amount of income taxes have been discredited. Its estimates of revenue have been subjected to critical analysis. The income-tax returns for this year have been filed; and within another two weeks we shall know almost exactly what the total income-tax payments for 1924 will amount to under the rates now in effect. There is every indication at present that they will exceed those of last year by more than $200,000,000. The Senate will be in a much better position than was the House to judge of the correctness or otherwise of Secretary Mellon's prediction of a deficit. With the information at its command, the Senate should give us a notable tax bill. It is not meeting an emergency situation, but is engaged upon the formulation of the most important part of a constructive fiscal program for this country.

On some matters there will be universal agreement. The nuisance tax on telegraph and telephone messages and on recreation admissions should be abolished. Earned incomes should be taxed at a lower rate than are those which are unearned; and in this connection all incomes of less than $5,000 may well be considered as earned. There is general agreement that the administrative features of the tax bill must be radically revised to prevent the wholesale avoidance of surtaxes which is taking place under the present law. Even the drastic reduction from a fifty percent maximum to a twenty-five percent maximum,

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which was proposed in the Mellon bill, would not do away with tax avoidance, unless some of the holes through which the taxpayer escapes are stopped up.

First and foremost among such administrative changes is Secretary Mellon's proposal that persons who borrow money and who own tax-exempt securities should be required to deduct the interest paid from this exempt income, and not from their taxable income, as they are allowed to do under the present law. That is an excellent proposal, and should be embodied in the law which is finally enacted. It would stop most of the tax avoidance of the sort which was illustrated by the holdings of William Rockefeller. He owned $44,000,000 of tax-exempt securities; and had borrowed $30,000,000. In making his income-tax return he was not required to deduct this interest from the income on tax-exempts, but was allowed to deduct it from the income from his holdings of other stocks. Manifestly, had he been required to deduct the interest paid on borrowed money from his tax-exempt income, his taxable income would have been increased by more than a million dollars. All of this would have paid the maximum surtax rate of fifty percent.

This principle of requiring taxpayers to offset their tax exemptions against tax-exempt income should not be limited to deductions which are in the nature of interest payments on borrowed money. People who receive tax-exempt salaries from states and municipal governments should likewise be required to deduct their exemptions first of all from that portion of their income on which they are not required to pay taxes. The man who receives $12,000 as the president of a state college, and who receives $8,000 of other income, will often pay no taxes at all under the present law. His personal exemptions as a married man and the father of children, together with speculative losses taken in the stock market for income-tax purposes, or other permissible deductions, may well equal his $8,000 of taxable income. He should be required to deduct these exemptions and losses first of all from the $12,000 of salary which is not taxable. This would elevate his $8,000 of other income into the tax-paying class. State and local governments pay out a large part of the $4,000,000,000 of taxes which they collect to their employes and officials in the form of wages and salaries. These payments are all exempt from federal income taxes. They should at least be used to elevate the taxable income which these people receive into the higher brackets.

In addition, for purposes of computing the surtaxes, the recipient of $12,000 tax-exempt and $8,000 taxable should be treated as possessed of a total income of $20,000, minus his exemptions and deductions. Then the $8,000 of taxable income would be elevated into higher surtax brackets through the operation of his non-taxable income. On his *taxable* income, therefore, he would pay a rate equal to that paid by other people with similar gross incomes and deductions.

Another administrative feature to which the Senate should give serious consideration is the combining of the income of all the members of a family, including husband, wife, and minor children. The family is the important economic unit, and its tax-paying ability should be determined as a unit. This is done at the present time under the admirable income-tax law of Wisconsin, and it has long been done in England. Mr. Mellon's recommendation with respect to community property should be embodied in the law.

One of the most important methods of evasion now practiced is the organization of holding, or investment, companies, to which the individual transfers his property. These corporations pay only the twelve and a half percent corporate income tax. Congress should take most drastic steps to prevent the flagrant avoidance of taxes which is now accomplished by this means. Any corporation ninety percent of whose stock is held by one person or one family should be treated as a partnership and taxed accordingly. Congress should consider in this connection the advisability of levying an additional tax on the undistributed profits of a corporation. If the stockholders of a corporation wish the privilege of having their income left in the custody of the company until some later time, they can justly be asked to pay a tax in lieu of the surtaxes which they would be required to contribute to the government if the income were distributed as dividends.

The Senate should consider critically the present practice of taxing all corporations at a flat rate of twelve and a half percent. To the average citizen it seems clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that corporations like banks, which have averaged more than ten percent on their capital and surplus during the last ten years, should be taxed at a higher rate than railroads which have made less than five percent. It seems to them clear, too, that corporations which make twenty to thirty, or even forty percent on their invested capital should pay a higher rate than those which make seven or eight percent. We are collecting approximately $1,000,000,000 from the corporations this year. Surely that burden could be more equitably adjusted than at present. It is unfortunate that the excess profits tax was originally presented as a tax on war profits. We know now that excess profits have always existed. They should at least furnish the basis for a differentiation of tax rates. The opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States on the validity of the recapture clause of the Transportation Act contains some reasoning which is well worth the attention of the Senate in this connection.

The Senate should also remove all that welter of excise taxes on manufactures, which were im-

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posed as war taxes in 1918. They were originally planned and intended as war measures for the repression of consumption quite as much as for the raising of revenue. They were so productive that they were retained after the close of the war. Most of these taxes are shifted to the consumer in their entirety. The tax on automobile accessories alone affects every one of the 15,000,000 persons who own and operate cars in the United States. The persons paying income taxes have never yet numbered 6,000,000 in any year. Aside from the estate tax on the capital stock of corporations, the whole group of excise taxes imposed during war time should be wiped out. The people are still burdened with almost $600,000,000 of customs duties. Together with the taxes on tobacco these taxes amount to almost $1,000,000,000. This constitutes quite a sufficient burden to be levied on the people by this expedient of indirect taxation.

Finally, the Senate should wake up to the ridiculousness of the proposal that taxes payable in 1924 on the incomes earned in 1923 should be cut twenty-five percent. All arguments for the reduction of the present rates which rest upon the fact that they furnish an incentive to tax avoidance are obviously inapplicable to the incomes already earned and reported. The economic consequences of the tax rates which prevailed during the past year are fixed, and no change in the rates at this time can alter them. The income which the government will derive under those rates promises to be sufficient to make possible a reduction of a billion dollars in the national debt. It is in every way better for the industrial situation to have this money returned to the bondholders in payment of the government's obligations than to have it returned to the taxpayers as a refund.

Experts or Politicians?

ACCORDING to program, the commission of experts were to bring in a purely economic report on the reparations problem. They were to determine Germany's capacity to pay, and ascertain the conditions, internal and external, under which this capacity would be at its maximum. They were to find guarantees of payment which would not, like the Ruhr invasion, cost more than they were worth. Whether the report would serve the Allied governments as a basis for their policy was a question that had to be left open. It is not always practicable to base policies upon the facts. Some concession must often be made to the illusions that have become ingrained in the minds of the masses. Moreover, the statesman is not guided by economic considerations alone. French statesmen, in particular must consider national defence as well as the financial return from reparations. But much was to be gained by disentangling reparations proper from other issues between Germany and the Allies. And it was hoped that the commission of experts would effect this disentangling.

Exactly how far this hope will be realized can be known only when the full report is published. Enough semi-inspired items of information have, however, been given to the press to cast grave doubt upon the expert character of the forthcoming report. We are told that the experts are divided, the French and Belgians on one side and the British on the other. The Americans are supposed to be neutral, and working to effect a compromise. If this is true politics has entered into the experts' work, instead of being left to the statesmen who are to accept the report or reject it. The compromise will be a political compromise, not an adjustment of discordant economic views. If the press forecasts of the concrete proposals of the commission of experts have any authority, the influence of politics is already manifest.

Two problems must be solved before the Allies can obtain maximum reparations. The first is the problem of production. Very little can be got out of Germany with its industrial machine in its present state of demoralization. The second is the problem of collection. How can Germany be forced to pay, even when she becomes able to do so? The experience of the last fifteen months has demonstrated that the problems are interrelated. The Ruhr invasion, in so far as its purpose was to extract payment, was a failure because it practically destroyed Germany's capacity to pay.

Apparently the commission of experts relies chiefly on three expedients for increasing Germany's capacity to pay. The first is the stabilization of the currency through the control of an international financial institution; the second is a moratorium on cash payments, though not on payments in kind; and the third is the restoration to the national system of the railways of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. These are all salutary measures. But they are not enough. The German mark has recently become a fairly stable currency, but German industry has received no notable impetus from the fact. Under the proposed moratorium, with payments in kind, Germany would be called on to pay more than she is now paying, and would face new and excessive exactions upon the close of the moratorium period. The reincorporation in the national system of the railways of the occupied regions would be all to the good if it were a genuine concession. But as we know, it is pretty completely offset by the measures that are designed to insure collection of reparations.

These measures include a mortgage of ten billion gold marks on the national railways, with Allied control of rates, the devotion to reparations payment of the proceeds of certain monopolies,

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and control of the budget with a view to producing surplus revenues, also for reparations. There are reports also of mortgages to be placed on industry and on land holdings. It is plain that these measures would exert a depressing influence on industry. The German railways are yielding no such surplus as the interest on ten billion gold marks. It must therefore, be the purpose of the commission of experts to raise railway rates. The taxes now levied by the German government are insufficient to meet its current expenditures, which are reduced to very near the minimum of existence for efficient government. Therefore the monopoly and tax control would mean new inroads into the taxpayer's income. Increased railway rates and taxes are not the most appropriate means of stimulating production.

Yet production must be stimulated if any considerable sum is to be paid in reparations, now or in the future. As everyone now realizes, reparations cannot be paid simply by levying new taxes. They can only be paid in foreign credits, and such credits come into existence only when exports exceed imports. Germany does not now have any such excess. She cannot develop it until she gets on her feet as a producing nation and reëstablishes her foreign markets. Nothing that has yet been reported from the commission of experts indicates that the adoption of its proposals would improve the position of Germany as a producing and trading nation. Quite the contrary appears to be the case.

The root of the reparations problem remains, as it has been since the beginning, the excessive demands that are made upon Germany. The total sum should have been fixed at the start at such a figure that Germany could have hoped, through labor and thrift, to liberate herself in a reasonable time. If the commission of experts had dared to fix such a total, the problem would have been capable of solution. Then there would have been point in placing mortgages on the railway system, the industries and lands, with the provision that such mortgages would be cancelled on payment of their face value. The nation and its property owners would have been offered an opportunity to work themselves free.

It has been known for hundreds of years that only the lowest level of economic efficiency can be attained through fear and compulsion. Higher efficiency can be won only through hope. This is as true of nations as it is of individuals. The commission of experts, in failing to fix a reasonable total of reparations, leaves the German nation in the old condition of hopelessness under which its industrial power has shrunk to a fraction of its prewar capacity. The commission, if its expertness is not a fraud, must know this. It has failed to touch the central problem through fear of the political storm that would blow up if the imposing thirty-two billions of the London agreement were reduced to the four or five billions of common sense. Its report will be politics; better politics, perhaps than that of Briand and Poincaré, Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin. But that remains to be seen.

The Railways in 1923

AT the beginning of 1923 the railroad executives were frightened. Having earned the ill will of one large element of the population by a Bourbon labor policy, and of another element by inferior service at rates which were considered too high, they found these two elements uniting in politics to elect representatives whose chief plank was drastic railroad reform. No one knew how far the movement might go. The executives therefore earnestly set themselves to the task of rehabilitating the railroads in public opinion by giving better service in what promised to be a heavy traffic year.

Large amounts of money were appropriated for new equipment and for equipment repair, and operating improvements were stressed. Certain definite objectives were adopted by the American Railway Association as a mark to shoot at. By October 1, locomotives in need of heavy repair were to be reduced to 15 percent, freight cars unserviceable to 5 percent. In order that the equipment might be used to better advantage, the tonnage per loaded car was to be increased to 30, and miles travelled per car per day were to be raised to the same figure. The temporary financial mark was of course set by the "fair return" of 5¾ percent on the tentative valuation estimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Without this at least, it was said that sufficient new capital could not be attracted to finance essential improvements and extensions.

How near did the railroads come to hitting the mark? The score is a mixed one. Locomotives in need of heavy repair, according to the railroads' figures, were reduced to 13.7 percent by October 1. This figure is optimistic, because government inspections have shown that on some roads locomotives in service should be sent to the shops, and that locomotives needing heavy repair are being patched up with light repairs. Nevertheless it may pass as a victory. Freight cars unserviceable, according to railroad figures, fell to 6.7 percent instead of 5 on October 1. Tons per loaded car rose only to 27 instead of 30, at the peak. This was worse than had been achieved in 1920, under emergency car pooling arrangements such as are possible with unified control. Car miles per day beat the mark with 30.7 at the peak, but averaged 27.8 for the year. And net operating income was only a little over 5 percent on the tentative valuation, a failure due chiefly to

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the heavy cost of equipment repair and the additions to capital investment.

There can be no doubt that service was materially improved, since delays were reduced and no net car shortage was experienced at the peak of traffic. But the railroads are not out of the woods yet. Certain other difficulties must be assessed before we can be certain that the carriers will be able to produce results adequate to absolve them from necessity of drastic reform.

In some ways the year 1923 was especially favorable. It was a period of prosperity in the sense of large business profits in general industry, resulting in a volume of trade which produced heavy traffic. This traffic was unusually well distributed over the year, a larger part of it than is customary occurring in off-peak months. It consisted to a greater extent than usual of merchandise and mineral shipments, the agricultural traffic, especially that of wheat, being below the level of 1921 and 1922. Prices of material and supplies were comparatively stable. Railroad wages were low in comparison with other wages, and such increases as were granted will take effect chiefly in 1924. There was little labor trouble either on railroads or in related industries. And the new investment was not attracted by hope of return so much as it was occasioned by an extraordinary and concerted effort to "save the railroads" from public ownership.

Barring the elimination of waste which could be brought about by a new form of control, the future of railroad service depends chiefly on the ability to invest enough new capital. The total net investment (less retirements) in 1923 was about $900,000,000, only a third of which was spent for new lines, extension and betterments of plant, the rest going into equipment. This is much larger than the average yearly expenditure since the beginning of the World War. Yet it is less than the totals spent in prosperous prewar years such as 1910 and 1911, although the same amount of money now effects improvements only half as great as investment at the old price level. The smaller investment is due chiefly to the marked falling off of construction of lines, terminals and fixed plant, rather than to a decrease of equipment purchased. The average earning power of the roads is not great enough to warrant the issuance of stock to pay for improvements. Their burden of fixed charges is so heavy already that bonds for such a purpose can be sold only in limited amounts. They can issue freely only equipment trust certificates, which are secured by liens on the removable cars and locomotives, and are not so dependent on the earning power of the roads.

New lines are, it is true, not so necessary as formerly on account of the wide extension of the carriers and the development of the motor truck. Nevertheless it is a shock to compare the 474 miles of new line constructed in 1923 with the 3,071 of 1913, and with the even larger totals of previous years. And railroad authorities are agreed that additional equipment becomes embarrassing unless it can be operated efficiently, and that efficient operation demands additional trackage and better yards and terminals. A sign of this is the fact that in spite of the better condition and greater number of modern locomotives, the mileage per locomotive per day was in 1923 only 60.8 against 62.5 in 1920. When it comes to considering great steps forward such as electrification, ability to secure more ample fixed capital is absolutely essential.

If the roads could earn only 5 percent on their valuation in a prosperous year such as 1923, can they average better over a period of lean and fat years, in view of the ultimate necessity of paying better wages while keeping rates down? Can they do so while keeping their equipment in as good condition as in 1923? Already the percentages of unserviceable cars and locomotives have risen from the best figures of last year, due to the usual short-sighted policy of the executives in cutting down the shop forces the moment the peak has passed and earnings drop. Railroads may somewhat increase their earnings through improved employee morale cultivated by such experiments as that now in process on the Baltimore and Ohio, through the creation of equipment reserves and the stabilization of employment, and through other methods. Improvement is indeed necessary if they are to invest the average of $800,000,000 yearly for the next ten years, the minimum requirement now estimated by the executives. The stimulus of fear is not likely to be effective in securing the necessary new capital over a decade.

It is true, as the unions point out, that the total net income of railroads was considerably larger than the net railway operating income, due to investments in other enterprises than railway operation. But new capital for railway operation cannot be raised indefinitely on the basis of larger returns on outside investments. It is also true that the more favorably situated roads made big profits and have little difficulty in raising money. But there was just as large a volume of railway return below the 5 percent average as there was above it. The problem of the weak road has not been solved, and in many cases cannot be solved under the present régime without the tedious processes of receivership or reorganization to cut down extravagant capitalization. At the end of 1923 there were 63 roads in receivership, with total mileage operated of 12,949. This mileage was, indeed, smaller than in any year since 1913, but was larger than in any year from 1899 to 1912, inclusive. In spite of the validation by the Supreme Court of the recapture clause of the Transportation Act, and in spite of the slow and clumsy movements in the direction of consolidation, anything like an efficient national system, giv-

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ing good service in all its parts, is still little more than a dream.

The railroads have, then, escaped the collapse which would have made public ownership almost a certainty. By a continuance of diligent efforts they may possibly hold the ground they have gained, and may even slowly improve their position. But if a different form of control could save the railroads from collapse, it could by the same token immeasurably hasten their improvement and render the transportation system a sound arm of public service. The positive reasons for fundamental railway reorganization are not weakened by the experience of 1923. Its absolute necessity has merely been staved off.

Poincaré Loses to Time

SOME weeks ago the New Republic published an article entitled Poincaré's Race against Time, which set forth the following propositions: (1) that the French business interests which have been supporting the foreign policy of the government knew that the measures taken against Germany could not produce reparations payments, (2) that their objective was rather a dominating ownership of a projected European combination of coal and steel interests, to be achieved through the economic sabotage inherent in the Ruhr and Rhineland occupations, (3) that they were aware that this policy was being endangered by fiscal inflation which its huge expense involved, but were not aware of the imminence of the monetary collapse, and (4) that whatever its motive, the aggressive policy would probably be ended in the near future by the necessity of arresting further depreciation of the franc, no matter whether the right or the left was in power.

The events of the past few weeks have given startling support to this conclusion. The fall of the franc continued and eventually attained panic speed when a statement of the Bank of France revealed unmistakably that inflation of the currency was again under way. Though apologists for the government attributed this fall to everything else under the sun except lack of balance in the budget, Poincaré continued to press his proposal for increased taxation and drastic economy. At the critical moment loans from English and American bankers bolstered up the exchange market. A few days later, in answer to a remark in the Chamber by M. Herriot to the effect that the voting of the fiscal reform had nothing to do with the salvage of the franc, M. Poincaré said, "I beg to differ. We should not have obtained the foreign credits had not these fiscal measures been voted. It was a formal condition of the foreign banks before they opened the credits which enabled us to save the franc." The bankers well knew that, whatever influence speculation or German selling pressure may have had, the basic cause of depreciation was the prodigality of the French government itself.

But do these measures indicate that the aggressive policy against Germany must be abandoned? They certainly bring closer the date of its inevitable end. The government has pledged itself neither to issue more loans nor to expand the currency, but to meet all expenses out of current revenue. That has involved the surrender of legislative control over finance and the granting to Poincaré of dictatorial powers to raise taxes twenty percent, to postpone all expenses for reconstruction, which remains at least one-third unfinished, to lop off a large proportion of government employes, to sell government monopolies, and to put an end to all plans for raising salaries and wages according to the cost of living, as well as to take whatever other measures may be necessary. A few seconds' use of the imagination will indicate what unrest this must arouse in nearly all sections of the population. It will be impossible to enlarge military expenditures. With an election in prospect, the pressure to reduce them will be enormous. This can be accomplished only by relaxing control in the occupied regions and permitting Germany to recover enough to resume the payment of reparations as quickly as may be.

The fall of the franc has not been finally exorcised, it has merely been checked pending future developments. The currency can be stabilized only if the budget remains in balance and some progress is made toward paying off the internal debt. Any policy which renders further reparations payments impossible and keeps military expenditures high while imposing such hardships on the French people will scarcely be long endured. Either it must be altered in the direction of sanity, or the people will revolt at the prospect of paying indefinitely such a large proportion of the national income to the bondholders, and will seek relief again in inflation. Observers of the exchange market will therefore do well to note carefully the proposals of the reparations experts and their reception by Poincaré. On the success of their work hinges the question of whether the victory of time is to be prompt and salutary, or delayed and devastating.

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Science, Belief and the Public

THE old issue between science and religion, or as many preferred to call it between science and theology, has slowly but surely changed its aspect. The operation of four rather than two forces is clearly evident in the current fundamentalist controversy. Instead of an alignment of two opposing tendencies, there is now a quadrilateral situation. The "people" have been called in, so that public opinion and sentiment are a power to be reckoned with; because of this fact the state of general education is a new and decisive factor in shaping the course and outcome of the old struggle.

When a glance is cast upon the earlier conflict between the new science of nature and traditional dogmas, the mass of the people is seen to be indifferent and unconcerned; they are hardly even spectators of the combat. On one side there are a few scientific inquirers, men like Galileo, who in the course of their scientific investigations reach results, especially about astronomical matters and the place of the earth in the scheme of things, directly contrary to those contained in the official doctrines of the church. On the other hand, there are the official representatives of the church, aggrieved and insulted by the challenge of a few scientific heretics. Outside of these limited circles, few knew or cared about what was going on. But the printing press, cheap newspapers, mails and telegraph and the extension of schooling have changed all that.

Even in the few years since Darwin published his Origin of Species affairs have moved rapidly. The rise of Protestantism and the increased active participation of laymen in matters of religious beliefs had indeed aroused a much wider public concern about the new views regarding the development of life and a naturalistic interpretation of the Descent of Man, than had the older scientific heresies. The issue was no longer wholly between scientific men on one side and established official authorities of the church on the other. Hot debate took place in widely circulated books and magazines, and large numbers were stirred to passionate adherence and more passionate denunciations. But I should guess that the number of daily newspapers was small that concerned themselves with the issue beyond reviews in their literary columns; it would be, I fancy, a safe wager that the controversy did not make the first page of newspapers, with glaring headlines, nor cause anything approaching the stir excited today by a single sermon by a well-known clergyman. Certain it is that bills were not introduced in legislatures and parliaments. For geology and biology not being at that time regular parts of even higher schooling, except perhaps for a few, there was nothing for statutes to regulate, unless the state was to emulate the Inquisition in regulating the diffusion of all scientific notions about the world.

These considerations help explain, it seems to me, a fact which has puzzled so many. For a long time it looked as if the conception of continuity of organic development had, in some version or other, become about as firmly entrenched in science and as accepted from science by the public mind as Copernican astronomy. Many of us imagined that a serious attack upon evolutionary views with a revival of pre-Darwinian biology was as improbable as an attack upon the astronomy of Galileo, or a wide-spread and influential campaign in behalf of the Ptolemaic system. Certainly, from the specialized scientific point of view, the anti-evolutionary campaign comes about three centuries too late. If it were to affect seriously the course of scientific inquiries, a number of persons should have been strangled in their cradles some three hundred years ago. Nevertheless, the issue is for the public actual and vital today, in spite of the elapse of a generation in which we prided ourselves—just as we prided ourselves that a great war was henceforth impossible—upon the advance of the scientific spirit, and the accommodation of the public mind to the conclusions of scientific inquiries.

The moral is inevitable. The public, the popular mass that the enlightened could once refer to as canaille, has taken an active part; but the conditions which have enabled the public actively to intervene have failed in providing an education which would enable the public to discriminate, with respect to the matters upon which it is most given to vehement expression, between opinions untouched by scientific method and attitude and the weight of evidence.

This to my mind is the salient aspect of the present situation. In the large, the controversy between science and dogma in the old sense is over and done with. There are many individuals, believers and others, to whom the question of adjusting their religious conceptions to the conclusions of science is still a vital one. But as a technical and professional cause, science has won its freedom. Scientists in the field and the laboratory may be discommoded at times, individual inquirers and teachers may lose their jobs. But the scientific revolution is nevertheless accomplished; and it is one of the revolutions that do not turn backwards. Inquirers will go on inquiring, and the results of their inquiries will be disseminated at least among their fellow-workers, and will make their way—even if they are as revo-

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lutionary as are the discoveries of the last thirty years regarding the constitution of matter and energy, ideas more upsetting of older conceptions in many ways than were those of the intellectual pioneers of the seventeenth century. The real issue is not here. It concerns the growing influence of the general public in matters of thought and belief, and the comparative failure of schooling up to the present time to instil even the rudiments of the scientific attitude in vast numbers of persons, so as to enable them to distinguish between matters of mere opinion and argument and those of fact and ascertainment of fact.

Americans who have been abroad tell of the amused incredulity of educated Europeans over reports of the state of scientific and theological controversy in this country; the reports seem incredible except upon the basis of an almost barbaric state of culture. Yet it may be doubted whether if numbers alone were taken into account, there would not be a larger proportion of persons in this country who could give an intelligent statement of the scientific conceptions involved than in most European countries. The difference is that in those countries those who could not give an intelligent exposition hardly count at all. Here, owing to the spread of democracy in social relations and in education, they count for a great deal. They feel themselves concerned and have channels through which they can make their influence felt.

Naturally such a situation is sport for those hostile to democracy and to universal schooling. They are entitled to chuckle and to make the most of it in their indictments. But, after all, it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. Defences of democracy are about as much out of place in any scheme of action as are attacks. No social creed produced the present situation. The consequences of the industrialization of affairs in such things as change of population from rural to urban, quick and easy transportation of persons and goods, cheap communications and the rise of cheap printing-matter, have created that state of society which we call democratic, and the democratic creed. Unless the movement of forces is radically altered, attacks upon democracy are about as effective as shooting paper-wads at a battle-ship—an occupation that may also conceivably relieve the feelings under certain conditions.

The realities of the situation centre about what can be done to ally the forces which create the democratizing of society with the mental and moral attitudes of science. The worst of the predicament is a tendency toward a vicious circle. The forces that compel some degree of general schooling also make for a loose, scrappy and talkative education, and this education in turn reënforces the bad features of the underlying forces. But it is some gain to know where the issue actually lies; to be compelled to face the fact that while schooling has been extended and scientific subjects have found their way into the regular course of studies, little has been accomplished as yet in converting prejudiced and emotional habits of mind into scientific interest and capacity.

This generic diagnosis of the disease may be specified in two particulars. There is a considerable class of influential persons, enlightened and liberal in technical, scientific and religious matters, who are only too ready to make use of appeal to authority, prejudice, emotion and ignorance to serve their purposes in political and economic affairs. Having done whatever they can do to debauch the habit of the public mind in these respects, they then sit back in amazed sorrow when this same habit of mind displays itself violently with regard, say, to the use of established methods of historic and literary interpretations of the scriptures or with regard to the animal origin of man. "Fundamentalism" might have been revived even if the Great War had not occurred. But it is reasonable to suppose that it would have not assumed such an intolerant and vituperative form, if so many educated men, in positions of leadership, had not deliberately cultivated resort to bitter intolerance and to coercive suppression of disliked opinions during the war.

Again, a man may be thoroughly convinced that the spread of certain economic ideas is dangerous to society; but if he encourages, even by passivity, recourse to coercion and intimidation in order to resist the holding and teaching of these ideas, he should not be surprised if others fail to draw the line of persecution and intolerance just where he personally would draw it. The statement that as we sow, so shall we reap, is trite. But there is no field of life in which it applies so aptly and fully as in that of belief and the methods employed to affect belief. Until highly respectable and cultivated classes of men cease to suppose that in economic and political matters the importance of the end of social stability and security justifies the use of means other than those of reason, the intellectual habit of the public will continue to be corrupted at the root, and by those from whom enlightenment should be expected.

The other point concerns the kind of education given in the schools, as that is affected by the temper of actual and professed pillars of society. There are at the best plenty of obstacles in the way of thinking in general, and in particular of using school instruction so as to further discriminating and circumspect thought. The weight of authority, custom, imitation, pressure of time, large numbers, the need of "covering the ground," of securing mechanical skill, of uniformity in administrative matters, of sparing tax-payers, all conspire to depress thinking. These extraneous obstacles are consolidated and held together by the fear entertained by many "best minds" lest the schools promote habits of independent thinking.

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Fundamentally, fear of the consequences of thought underlies most professions of reverence for culture, respect for quantity of information and emphasis upon discipline. The fundamental defect in the present state of democracy is the assumption that political and economic freedom can be achieved without first freeing the mind. Freedom of mind is not something that spontaneously happens. It is not achieved by the mere absence of obvious restraints. It is a product of constant, unremitting nurture of right habits of observation and reflection. Until the taboos that hedge social topics from contact with thought are removed, scientific method and results in subjects far removed from social themes will make little impression upon the public mind. Prejudice, fervor of emotion, bunkum, opinion and irrelevant argument will weigh as heavily as fact and knowledge. Intellectual confusion will continue to encourage the men who are intolerant and who fake their beliefs in the interests of their feelings and fancies.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Farmer-Labor Federation

THE third party movement has received definite character and direction both in a state and national sense as the result of a series of conferences and conventions in Minnesota beginning March 10 and ending March 14.

On the first of these dates and on March 11 a conference in St. Paul of the officials of the principal third party groups fixed the date of the proposed third party national nominating convention for June 17—about a week after the Republican convention and prior to the Democratic convention. It will be held in St. Paul or Minneapolis. The call will invite all progressive farmer and labor elements and all other elements favoring independent third party action. The calling of the convention and the initiation of the national third party movement was turned over to the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party leaders.

On Wednesday of the same week the elements in Minnesota favoring the plan of federating all farmer, labor and other progressive forces of the state as the basis of the Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota adopted this plan almost unanimously, giving Minnesota for the first time an organized membership Farmer-Labor party.

The next day was a red letter day in the political development of Minnesota. In the forenoon the Working Peoples' Nonpartisan League, the political end of the trade union movement, by an almost unanimous vote at its convention affiliated with the Federation and resolved itself out of existence. In the afternoon the Farmers' Nonpartisan League in convention assembled after a desperate and most dramatic battle of oratory lasting four or five hours voted itself into the Farmer-Labor Federation.

That evening for the first time in the history of Minnesota the organized farmers and the organized industrial workers, in the midst of wild enthusiasm and jubilation, sat down together and transacted business as a common body. Nonpartisan political action was dead. Political action through the coöperation of separated groups was dead. The dyke of conference committees of farmer and labor officials was swept away by a flood of mass enthusiasm that has never had its parallel before in this state. Out of the junction of these two streams has emerged a broader and deeper and swifter stream which is rushing on, perhaps, to produce a great new political current in American history.

Finally, on March 14, the next day, the last dam in Minnesota erected to bar the course of this stream was swept away. The Minnesota lawmakers opposed to the Farmer-Labor movement had established a barrier in the shape of a new legal framework for parties, calculated to shift them from a basis of economic or group representation. In conformity with this law the "legal" chairman had called the "legal" Farmer-Labor party convention in which the cards had been stacked against the real Farmer-Labor movement. By means of a purely territorial representation and county delegates-at-large, the industrial counties, which are only three or four in number but contain about half the population, were to be overwhelmed by elements unfamiliar with the Farmer-Labor movement. The convention was called at St. Cloud, eighty miles from the Twin Cities.

The opposition papers fully expected to witness a repudiation of the Twin City conventions. Such action at St. Cloud would have all the appearance of a serious party split. It might tend to array the extensive newer elements which had flooded into the movement as a result of the Shipstead and Johnson victories against the advocates of a real Farmer-Labor party. Such a development might defeat the Farmer-Labor movement in its attempt this year to win Minnesota and launch a national movement. The stage was set for such an outcome.

Full delegations from every part of the state met in St. Cloud in an atmosphere of tense expectancy. For five or more hours the convention wrangled over parliamentary points in fear of a hypothetical "other side," as it awaited the report of the resolutions committee. Significantly enough, when that committee reported, not one resolution

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opposing the third party program or date laid down at St. Paul, or opposing the Federation launched in Minneapolis was offered. No resolution was presented calling on the "legal" convention to indorse the Federation. On the other hand, nearly all the resolutions adopted came from the Farmer-Labor Federation side, and they received overwhelming support.

Among such resolutions were, indorsement, with only one dissenting vote, of the St. Paul program for the national third party convention on June 17; authorization of a call for a state convention at the proper time to nominate presidential electors in conformity with the St. Paul program; adoption of the state platform adopted the day before by the Farmer-Labor Federation.

The St. Cloud convention without doubt gauges the attitude of the new large progressive elements in Minnesota which have not yet accepted the theory of economic group representation for the purpose of bringing economic democracy, but which would rather go with such a movement than remain with the old political parties. In other words, St. Cloud marks the uniting of the Minnesota liberals and radicals in a common third party movement. There is widespread conviction in Minnesota that the Farmer-Labor Federation from now on will fit snugly into the legal framework provided for the Farmer-Labor party and control it, and that this new type of political action will spread throughout the nation.

The foregoing events are well worthy of analysis. The St. Paul national conference of third party leaders was called to settle a controversy which had arisen over a date fixed upon by an earlier conference—May 30. William Mahoney of St. Paul, then president of the Working Peoples' Nonpartisan League and H. G. Teigen, of the Farmers' Nonpartisan League and Senator Magnus Johnson's private secretary, originators of the first call, were convinced after visiting Senator La Follette and the progressive senators and representatives in Washington, that the third party convention should meet after the Republican convention, instead of May 30. The second St. Paul conference was called to settle finally on the date. At the second conference on March 10, Mahoney and Teigen reported that Senator La Follette had expressed himself strongly in favor of a third party movement, and they added that while Senator La Follette would not commit himself on the question of his own candidacy, he advised that the date be set forward to some time after the Republican convention. Mr. Mahoney assured his confreres that he was morally certain that La Follette would be the third party candidate for President.

At the March 10 conference were the chairmen and secretaries of the following organizations: the Farmer-Labor party of North Dakota, a recent movement intended to supersede the Nonpartisan League; the Farmer-Labor party of South Dakota; the Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota; the Farmer-Labor party of Nebraska; the Farmer-Labor party of Montana; the Farmer-Labor party of the state of Washington; the Farmer-Labor party of Illinois; the National Farmer-Labor party: the Federated Farmer-Labor party. Several states with progressive or farmer-labor parties sent approval of the conference. These are the states where Nonpartisan League activities prepared the way which has led to substantial defections from the old political parties.

The presence of representatives of the Federated Farmer-Labor party, which is officered largely by communists, caused an extended controversy on the advisability of including communistic groups in the national call. It was decided to invite all farmer and labor organizations and all progressive political groups that would accept the third party platform adopted by the conference and the principle of third party action. This platform is confined to five points: public ownership of public utilities; governmental and coöperative banking; public control of all natural resources; restoration of civil liberties guaranteed by the Constitution; abolition of the injunction in labor disputes. The Conference for Progressive Political Action will be strongly urged to indorse the third party candidates at its Cleveland convention on July 4.

The general feeling expressed at the conference was that it would be inconsistent to attempt to bar any element willing to accept the platform and coöperate, and that La Follette's prospective candidacy was calculated to develop a movement of moderate and progressive elements so extensive that all danger from extremist groups will be neutralized.

These conferences and conventions in Minnesota assumed the character of a popular political uprising. Everything was swept before an irresistible enthusiasm for farmer-labor unity and third party action. The lean years of the present agricultural crisis and the industrial depression that preceded it seem to have produced a new phase of mind in the Northwest. The Federation was formed by an impatient and almost unanimous vote. The Farmers' Nonpartisan League convention had been carefully staged by Nonpartisan League leaders to resist any stampede toward the Federation. Much propaganda to that end was circulated prior to the convention. At the convention the leaders made a desperate effort to stem the tide, but the farmers literally took the bit in their teeth and carried leaders and all over into the Federation. In the height of the debate a good Lutheran farmer shouted: "Next in importance to spreading the gospel is the union of the farmers and industrial workers." He expressed a sentiment which has become a religion with tens of thousands in the Northwest.

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But there is substance as well as spirit in this human tide of farmers and workers. The Farmers' Nonpartisan League convention had approximately 200 delegates representing about 20,000 members. The Federation convention prior to the influx of the Nonpartisan League represented in its practical entirety the labor movement of Minnesota and many farmer groups outside of the League. Nine central labor bodies representing the trade unions of Minnesota's nine largest cities were represented there. In addition 116 local unions were directly represented. Fifty-seven of these were railroad organizations. Twelve locals of the Farmers' Nonpartisan League were represented in the convention before the League itself joined. Eighteen other political organizations of farmers were there. Another source of farmer representation was the fifteen coöperative societies that sent delegates. Among them was the Equity with its thousands of farmer members. Progressive clubs of business men and middle class elements numbered eight. There were twenty-nine district organizations of the "legal" Farmer-Labor party; sixteen labor clubs and benefit and educational societies of workers; two socialist groups, and representatives from the now defunct Working Peoples' Nonpartisan League of the three largest cities of the state.

This gives an idea of the present constituency of the Farmer-Labor Federation of Minnesota, the body of workers of hand and brain which thousands in the Northwest firmly believe will become the new American third party, preparatory to becoming the second party and then the first party. Minnesota's leadership in the third party movement means that an attempt will be launched this year to make such a body of economic and territorial groups the working model for the proposed national third party.

MURRAY E. KING.

The British Revolution

"YOU ask me what I think of the Labor government?" It was the son of a duke, who was speaking. "All I can say is that I am proud of it, proud of it.

"You ask me why I am proud of it? I will tell you, because with few exceptions it is made up of people of my own kind."

Was the noble Lord "pulling my leg," as one says in England or "stuffing my neck" as the French say with their more exquisite refinement? Perhaps. I don't think so, but it is possible, the inquisitive alien is exposed to much in all countries.

Consider this addition, however, spoken not by the son of a peer but by a son of the people, proudly such—

"There was a moment, after election, which settled everything. It was the moment when Mr. MacDonald bought himself a top hat and went to see the King. I say he bought a top hat, maybe he had one, but I wager he never wore it before except to funerals—his daughter would tell you—ask her.

"Well, as I was saying when he bought that top hat and went to see the King the whole country breathed freely again. It realized, with pride, that this old country of ours could have a change, any change and yet the monarchy, the old institutions, everything would be safe."

All is clear, then, perfectly clear. England is in Revolution and Revolution is in a pot hat. Wherefore one may conclude as a point of departure that Britain is a feudal democracy in which the Lords and Labor are united by a common hatred of the Liberal.

To continue, I went down to the House of Commons the other night and heard a debate on air defence, one of those marvellous debates testifying to the innate love of order and decorum in the British nature, and punctuated by shouts of "shame" and "rubbish," by "boos" and cheers, in which every speaker could occasionally be heard.

Some mention having been made of armament as a means of defence, a Labor member, simply overcome by an access of pacifistic indignation, struggled to his feet and undertook to relieve his emotions. Failing however to catch the Speaker's eye he was pulled up with a short turn, while from across the hall a cultured Tory shouted, "shut up."

Whereupon the right honorable and gallant evangelist of peace, his speech spoiled, his temper ruffled, assumed what we at home call a "position of defence" and bawled back—

"Shut up, you sye? Well I sye you come over here and shut me up."

Wherefore I conclude that Britain is governed by militant pacifists, whose fists are always mobilized in the cause of international conciliation.

As I left the gallery and came down the steps into the large hall, I saw ahead of me two colossal policemen. Since every American is at heart something of a criminal, to the extent at least of regarding the policeman as a natural enemy, I instinctively sidled off, to avoid the representatives of the law. Consider my horror, however, when one of these "Bobbies" deliberately moved over in my direction, lay across my bows, brought me to.

There was nothing for it, so I stopped. Visions of the Tower, the block, of the offended dignity of the mighty empire filled my mind. Trembling I waited while the majestic official deliberately

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bowed his head to the level of mine, raised his hand to his mouth to cover his words and said—

"Hi beg your pardon, sir, but there is a dent right down the whole middle of your 'at, sir."

Vaguely I remembered the recent advice of Mr. Kipling, "When crossing the street throw yourself passionately at the feet of the Bobby and clasp his knees. Then nothing can touch you for the whole majesty of the British Empire will protect you."

Wherefore I conclude that the British are a nation of violent individualists entirely given over to the worship of intrusive paternalism.

In my own mind—though perhaps natural confusion has obscured the point, I am, then, brought up squarely against this dilemma—Do these people mean what they do or merely do what they mean? For example, in America we have a written constitution, in Britain they have an unwritten constitution, but in America we take pride in the non-enforcement of what is ordained, while in Britain they take equal pride in enforcing what is not even enacted.

Moreover, in what they say, if I may make the observation without defence—they are even more difficult. To illustrate: I take my telephone receiver off the hook and give central my number and first, before anything else has happened, comes her inquiry—"Are you through?" But how can I be through when I have not begun? I stammer my protest and she comes back—"I mean are you on to your party?" But how can you be "on to" your party when the party is a stranger with whom you have not yet exchanged even the preliminary "Hello"? Ah, if the English people only spoke English, how simple it would all be!

Most difficult of all, too, is it for the vagrant American now to explain prohibition. How, how will you explain to a people whose national economy is law and whose age-long extravagance is enforcement thereof, the state of mind of our simpler race where law and order are mutually exclusive terms and the first object of government to prevent their coincidence?

Ah, if an American would understand Britain in all its fundamental clarity and simplicity, he should be here now, when a Labor government, pledged to disarmament is one night put into power by the Liberals to punish the Tories and on the next is saved from the assault of Liberal pacifists by a Tory defence of Labor's program of naval armament. He should see the British democracy in the act of creating lords and lords in the process of becoming Laborites. He should see socialism in office one day by the grace of Liberal capitalism and the next by the favor of Tory landed aristocracy.

Seeing these things such an American might correctly conclude that Britain is a static country always in a dynamic condition, that its institutions are firmly established on paradox and consistency is achieved by constant contradiction, while the fierce passion of its people for liberty is only restrained by an uncontrollable devotion to polite paternalism. He would discover that the outstanding feature of its public life is the invariable success with which actual anarchy is avoided by instinctive reliance upon intellectual confusion and logical chaos.

All of which would be rendered the more simply intelligible by perceiving that in England when Revolution succeeds it puts on a pot hat and becomes the government, while, when Privilege is beaten, it lays off its coronet and becomes radical.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Wheeler's Way and Walsh's

The Senate Committees at Work

I

IT is a room between big and little, as long as a Pullman car and four times as wide. It has green-tinted plaster walls, a gilt mirror above a marble fireplace, huge glass chandeliers, tall windows which look out upon white buildings shining in the sun. One half of this room is filled with rows of chairs; they are all occupied and a score of standees huddle at the rear. The open area toward which the chairs face contains four big mahogany tables. Three of them accommodate the newspapermen who all morning long scribble like mad in longhand, waving completed sheets aloft in their left hands as a signal to telegraph boys, but never for a moment stopping the rush of their pencils. The fourth table, larger and topped with green cloth, is reserved for the members of The Committee, those august representatives of the august United States Senate, who are investigating the ways and byways of Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty.

Senator Wheeler, as is right and proper, heads his flock at the end of the table. He is an outdoor sort of person, this senator, with wind-roughened cheeks, thin hair of nondescript color, and a general appearance of having been battered by life

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and of having given it something of a battering in return. When he asks a question his eyes roam to one side, as though in dreamy speculation; but they snap back to the witness, sharply interrogative, at its close. He assumes easy western attitudes as he works—now with a whole fist jammed into the armhole of his waistcoat, now standing up with one foot on his chair, an elbow on his knee and the index finger of that hand erect and waggled at the witness.

Next to Wheeler sits Jones, of Washington, a dark man, with well-brushed black hair, a thoughtful farmer-looking person in middle life. He speaks but rarely, and usually for elucidation only. Brookhart, the chairman, comes next, middle-aged, spectacled, surprisingly benignant in view of his reputation as a fire-eater. He seems like a college professor of economics and not at all like a world's champion rifle-shot—which he is. Next to him is Moses of New Hampshire, Moses the conservative, plump and ruddy, the prosperous banker type, his thin, light hair neatly parted, his gold spectacles well polished. Moses's rôle was to have been that of critic and opponent of the progressive majority; but he has been swept from his moorings by the astonishing evidence which has been offered. Today his air implies that he hardly knows what to do.

Ashurst, of Arizona, is at the end of the line, fresh-faced, dark-haired, with handsome tortoise shell pince-nez and black ribbon. Ashurst offers the comic relief, he is always ready for a witticism, and especially at the witness's expense. Sometimes he makes his points in a manner not quite fair; but after all, he gets them across: the audience laughs.

At the table's end by Ashurst are Daugherty's attorneys, Paul Howland and ex-Senator Chamberlain. The former is the conventional business-man type, with a Tory's pink, plump face and the embarrassed, defiant air of one who in his heart rather despises the democratic process which is here seen (somewhat crudely, I admit) at work. Chamberlain sits meekly by him, a discouraged Mr. Micawber, saying little because there is so little he can say.

Another figure in this drama is worth a glance. Crouched behind Senator Wheeler's shoulder is Gaston B. Means, round and ruddy, with a head too large for his mobile face—Means, professional detective, former Department of Justice agent, who has been acquitted of a charge of murder and indicted for nearly every other crime you can think of, but who seems in this instance to have a real desire to bring retribution to wrong-doers. He smiles in constant, irrepressible glee as he leans forward and whispers his advice and suggestions into Senator Wheeler's ear.

The senators are never in a hurry; hour after hour the investigation drags along. Today's main witness is a characteristic underworld type, seeming as he crouches in the witness chair across the table from Senator Wheeler like some strange deep-sea monster wriggling in the net, hating all this honest daylight into which he has been dragged up. Clearly, he intends to tell as little as possible. He argues with the Committee, now whining, now scolding; and the Committee in return, one must admit, bullies him in orthodox prosecuting attorney fashion. It assumes that he is lying, not only when he obviously is, but when he clearly isn't. It scolds him for the stuttering which is natural when thick wits are pursued by nimble ones. Why not? After all, this person has notoriously been involved in bootlegging, drug smuggling, and criminal conspiracy. He is a tough customer; and before he will tell what he should, it is necessary to break down his arrogance, to reduce him to a state of bewildered, dispirited acquiescence. This is the job which, efficiently if somewhat slowly, the Committee proceeds to put through.

When the proper stage has been reached, he adds his share to the mountain of evidence which, from the beginning, Senator Wheeler has been building up. It is quite true, of course, that not all of this mountain will stand critical analysis. The Committee goes down some false trails; and a few of these lead to the doorsteps of innocent men. Senator Wheeler is not the greatest cross-examiner who ever lived. Perfect cross-examiners who are members of the United States Senate and also foes of corruption are singularly hard to find. Also, a committee of politicians from time to time indulges in politics. It would be absurd to expect anything else.

But what is the alternative? As one sits in this committee room and sees what is going on, it becomes increasingly difficult to understand the protests of those newspapers and those individuals who constantly complain of the manner of the investigation, and as constantly ignore the conditions which it is revealing. What do these newspapers, these individuals propose? Because senators are mortal, because politicians play politics, would they, in despair of perfection among investigators, call a halt to the whole proceeding?

If they would, then the decay of our moral fibre, which many intelligent men talk of today, has indeed gone to dangerous lengths. For the mountain of evidence assembled in this room with the green-tinted walls has a core of fact which all Mr. Daugherty's, Mr. Howland's efforts will never remove. We have seen half-a-dozen trails of corruption leading straight to the door of the Attorney-General's private office. We have seen him revealed as the intimate associate of men who were in turn the intimate associates of bootleggers, illicit drug vendors, criminal conspirators who have bought immunity by corruption. We have seen that hundreds of thousands of dollars were paid to Daugherty's boon comrades with the belief that the government of the United States was thereby bribed and prosecution prevented.

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To this sort of evidence there can be no answer. The Committee knows it very well. The witnesses know it. So do Mr. Daugherty's attorneys, slumped gloomily in their corner. And a thousand telegraph wires singing in the cold winds of March, are carrying this truth across and up and down the land for the people everywhere to learn.

II

Committee Number Two (in the order in which, for the moment, public interest places them) meets in a room far too large, a room ornate with great marble pillars and velvet drapings at tall windows. Let history record that at first a smaller and much better suited room was used; but the Senate ladies wanted to give a tea, so the Senate investigators of the naval oil leases were chucked out.

Huddled together at one end (for the acoustics are wretched) the Committee, newspapermen, witnesses and stenographers sit crowded at half a dozen tables. Dominating the scene at a central point of vantage is Senator Walsh, elderly, quiet and elegant, with neatly brushed white hair, a white mustache, aquiline features, a pale translucent skin. Other members of his committee are ranged on either side of him; rarely is there a full attendance unless the morning's show is particularly dramatic. Ladd, of North Dakota, is there, of course, as chairman. He sits on Walsh's right, looking like a wise, elderly college president, with his little blond goatee now turning gray. Spencer, of Missouri, is there, with the military mustache and fashionable haircut of a metropolitan hotel clerk, a man with a vague and roving eye who, by his conduct, suggests that he feels it his duty to help Senator Walsh as little as possible. Bursum, of New Mexico, is there, wearing his hair so short that he has rather the appearance, it must be confessed, of an elderly convict. Bursum's job, also, is to hang on behind and drag back; but the Committee's speed is too much for him, and he has a hard time of it.

Dill, of Washington, is there, youngish, smooth-shaven, handsome in the heavy, florid way appropriate to the Senate. Kendrick, of Wyoming, is handsome, too, looking remotely like General Leonard Wood but without the latter's hard eye and mouth. Stanfield, of Oregon, smooth-shaven with thin dark hair, is present, reminding you a little of Josephus Daniels. Down at one end Rush Holland, assistant Attorney General, assigned by Mr. Daugherty to aid the Senate Committee, sits like a graven image. With his high bald forehead and the aureole of fluffy light hair behind it, he looks, in full face, like William Makepeace Thackeray.

Senator Walsh is bearing the brunt of the battle, as he has done for weary months, as he has done in the face of the apathy and indeed the open hostility of his Republican colleagues. His voice is low, hesitant, courteous; his manner, as far as possible from that of his Montana colleague who conducts Committee Number One. No one has ever been known to interrupt Senator Wheeler successfully; but any witness, any fellow committeeman is allowed to break in upon kindly Senator Walsh. He seems so diffident, so unwilling to hurt anyone's feelings that you feel sorry for him, a lamb in a butchers' convention.

Your sympathy is wasted. For all his amiability, Senator Walsh possesses one priceless incomparable qualification: He knows all about his subject. There isn't a fact about oil or the law of oil or the history of the leases, which is not instantly available in that cool, well-ordered mind. The witness of the moment is trying to bluff the Committee into believing that he had a legitimate claim to some land in Teapot Dome, prior to the government order which made it a naval reserve. With two rapier thrusts, Senator Walsh eviscerates this claim: "Are you not aware, Sir, that the government order specifically exempted proved-up mining claims?" "Yes, Sir, but—" "Had you found oil on your property?" "No, Sir, but—" "Don't you know, Sir, that a mining claim is invalid without an actual discovery of oil?"

Of course he knows it. His house of cards falls to pieces and the Senator with a flick of his elegant wrist sweeps the fragments aside. A few minutes later he exposes another piece of nonsense equally flagrant. It is asserted that a certain conversation with Secretary Fall had to do with Senator Bursum's chance for re-election. "Don't you know, Sir, that Senator Bursum had been re-elected five months prior to this conversation?" The witness's jaw drops. What is one to do when pitted against a thinking machine?

A great many angry, frightened people have asked that question of late. Senator Walsh is not spectacular. He is as ill-fitted for the role, for example, of presidential candidate as is Andrew J. Mellon. But he has done the people of the United States an extraordinary service in the past six months. Though his committee has had several hair-breadth escapes from being called off the scent, though at one moment just before the great $100,000 revelation Walsh, himself was so discouraged he was ready to quit, he has plowed ahead triumphantly to results which today the whole world knows. Despite the pleas that the revelations have hurt business, despite the charges of playing politics and of pillorying innocent persons, the gratitude to Senator Walsh, unless I am mistaken, will continue to grow as the people realize more and more the meaning of the situation which he has disclosed.

Washington. BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Six Men with Names

H. G. Wells

MR. WELLS was lying on his stomach. At first he'd had an arm-chair. Three of us were sitting in the library of the house at Easton Glebe, listening to him discuss a new world order: Philip Guedalla, a young airman who had played a part in Joan and Peter, and myself. There was a garden just beyond the windows. It had a pool. We heard the voice of a younger Wells. "Father, my boat won't run!"

The boat was some six inches long. It derived its motive power from a clock spring. Mr. Wells went on with his discussion. We were at a dramatic phase in the history of man. The story of life had risen to a crisis in an immense interrogation. "It's very mysterious," called the voice. "For I've looked at the spring, and it isn't broken." Compulsion and servitude, said Mr. Wells, had given way to ideas of associated freedom. Sovereignty—"And the strange thing, father," said the voice, "is that while it won't run *for*ward, it runs *back*ward as well as it ever did."

There are some temptations not to be resisted. Discussion of the new world order stopped. The Mr. Wells of Men Like Gods yielded to Mr. Wells the chronicler of great invention. When I saw him again he was lying so much in the pool that a man from Mars might have taken him for drowned.

Habibullah Khan, Amir of Afghanistan

We had heard in London (George Porter and I) that if there was one book the Amir of Afghanistan was fond of reading, it was a catalogue of Sears Roebuck & Co.

He would sit by the hour (a British captain from the Afghan border told us this) and turn the pages marvelling at the wealth of merchandise accumulated here beneath a single roof. English was beyond him. He could not read a word of it. But he would cluck contendedly as successive pages felt the moist touch of his thumb, and a bewildering array of go-carts and fly-swatters, inner tubes and potato mashers trekked across the printed page beneath his oriental eye. Whether he thought of them as Western implements of ritual and torture, I do not know; but Sears Roebuck & Co., said our British captain, constituted his chief source of entertainment on a rainy day. "If I were going to try to get into the country," said our captain, "I should send him a new catalogue to pave the way. You know, of course, that only a half dozen white men have succeeded in crossing the frontier in the last twenty years. The catalogue he's reading now must be at least a decade old."

George Porter was not with me when I got to Rawal Pindi. But through the Khyber Pass I sent by courier a 1921 Sears Roebuck which Mr. Julius Rosenwald had been kind enough to send on from Chicago. It was bound in leather; embossed in gold, upon its cover, with "To His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan with the respects"—and so forth. In gold, too, had been stamped either the seal of the corporation (I cannot remember which it was, though often enough I saw it there) or a factory scene with carriages driving past Sears Roebuck doors and smoke ascending from Sears Roebuck windows.

In vain I waited at the border for an answer. No invitation to the mysteries of Kabul came back across the frontier. I departed. Subsequently I learned that the Amir had been assassinated some two years before, and had been succeeded by his son, Amanullah Khan, whose tastes were other than his father's. What happened to the presentation copy, I do not know. But from days at sea brightened by this same array of worsted socks, glass boutonnières and carpet-sweepers, I retain a sense of kindred interest with the elder Amir only mellowed by time's flow.

Napoleon Lajoie

I was thirteen. He had led the American League for three successive years in batting (355 in 1903, 381 in 1904, 329 in 1905). I had an uncle who wore a horse-shoe in his necktie, carried a stop-watch, and lived on terms of intimacy with the sport world. On the players' bench, while my teeth chattered and the thought would not desert me that the world might end before the Cleveland players sought their dug-out, we waited for my chance to meet this Porthos, Athos, and Aramis in one. Upon the suggestion of my uncle he bestowed on me a Spalding ball to whose white flanks there clung the dark stain and faint perfume of cut plug chewing-tobacco.

For three months, as a Russian peasant may be said to wed his spirit to an ikon, my life was centred in that baseball. Ah, the disillusionment that comes with one's first friend turned traitor! I had consented to the use of this, my treasure, for the formality of the first throw at a game between two school teams. There was conspiracy afoot. The batsman did not let it pass, as time-honored custom bade him. He drove it to the farther reaches of a daisy-dotted pasture. I will admit that ecstasy was followed by remorse. The game stopped. Two teams united on their knees to search the meadow. Hopelessly. As if offended by this profanation, the gods snatched back their own.

Napoleon Lajoie. A new generation rises. On its lips one only hears the name of Ruth.

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Theodore Roosevelt

I knew no more of military tactics than of the lost island of Atlantis; but something I had written in the old Everybody's about mobilization on the border caught his eye, and he invited me to Oyster Bay. We had a walk together. I remember that we met neighbors, and that I was introduced to them with a grace that went on steadily to a crescendo. At first I was "Young man written good thing Mexico. Worth your while to read it." Two neighbors more: I had become "Able young war correspondent, done one of the best pieces of reporting I have seen in months." On we went. By the time that we were home again, and the shadows of the Colonel's trees had begun to stretch themselves for the work they had to do at twilight, I bore, for one last friend well met, the title, "One of the most talented young strategists now writing for the press."

It was impossible, I suppose, to stand still for one whole afternoon. I did not matter. But there I was, and from the bounty of his enthusiasm he chose to see me moving forward. It was my guess that because he had pushed me on with his own hands, in his own estimation, where he put me I would stay—more securely than if I had come to him full-panoplied in fame.

Six months later I caught a glimpse of him in Washington. What I knew of war in Europe was limited to headlines on a printed page. But his quick eye picked me out for all the fact that he had seen me only once. "What do you think?" He turned away from the men around him for a minute. "Are they right in dropping the Chantilly plan? Will Nivelle break through on the Aisne front with those twenty-seven French divisions?"

Gandhi

He is one of the most unimpressive of all men at sixty years, and one of the most startling at close quarters—this lean mystic who has tipped the scales of empire till they almost overturn. I think it is a matter of eyes, and whether you can see them. What holds you, at a table's length, with the curious feeling that the man has come out shamelessly from the safe precints of his self-reserve, is lost at twenty paces. There is only a man left: a frail man of fifty over whom illness has long brooded. He has no eloquence when he talks to crowds. The sun is hot. He has not even the ability to make himself heard beyond the first six rows of faces.

I have camped in dak bungalows on the road to Kashmir, and bought fish from men with brown skins who believe that Gandhi is the new Messiah; that he can heal the sick, restore lost arms, make cotton grow on banyan trees. I have talked with men in Bombay clubs who are waiting for the dykes to break and the forces Gandhi loosed to sweep the country. But of all the stories I have heard of the man, the most unexpected is one he tells himself: "When I went to England [he was nineteen, and went to study law at Middle Temple] I thought it necessary for me to take dancing lessons." It is a good picture for a man who likes colors: this young Asiatic lad, destined one day to challenge British authority in India, laboring away in a London flat at the intricacies of the waltz.

Rex Ingram

He was Rex Hitchcock when I knew him best. The Ingram did not come till later. A high-strung Irishman who ran to tweeds, and a Junior to my Sophomore at New Haven. He disliked his studies, sometimes wore galoshes on dry days, and for one week raised a black beard on a face as white and brittle as an Arthur Davies moon. He wanted to be a sculptor (still does, they say), and boasted that English rugby (which he had played) was a more brutal game than anything Yale tried with Harvard. Together, over a bacon sandwich and a glass of ale at Mory's, we discussed the novels of James Stephens, explored with care the bright dawns of our young manhood, and collaborated the production of humor for a much more humorous publication known as the Yale Record. His share was the drawing; mine the suggestion; jointly we contrived the caption underneath. I remember one achievement (Ingram's early drawings were like something done on hardtack with a hat-pin) that disclosed two students meeting at a lamp-post. "Where is the Medical School going to sit at the Harvard game?" asked one. To which the other answered "In the Vivisection."

When I saw Ingram again we had been out of college six years, and he was standing on a step-ladder in Hollywood shouting through a megaphone at two scene-shifters who had lost control of one wall of the Prisoner of Zenda's castle.

I myself had come across the Pacific after six hundred miles of Yangtze Valley, which, for sheer educational value, was an experience of a lifetime, handicapped only by the fact that my knowledge of the Chinese language comprised the two words icebox and mosquito.

Over a bacon sandwich and a glass of milk we recalled old days, and wondered at how little, then, we understood of life and all it means.

CHARLES MERZ.

Peace, Night, Sleep

"You shall have peace with night and sleep.
It was written in the creep of the mist,
In the open doors of night horizons.
Peace, night, sleep, all go together.
In the forgetting of the frogs and the sun,
In the losing of the grackle's off cry
And the call of the bird whose name is gone—
You shall have peace; the mist creeps, the doors open,
Let night, let sleep, have their way."

CARL SANDBURG.

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Macbeth

Macbeth. Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, March 17, 1924.

WHEN I read in Shakespeare's play—

> Who can be wise, amazéd, temperate and furious,
> Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
> The expedition of my violent love
> Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
> His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
> And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
> Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
> Unmannerly breeched with gore: who could refrain
> That had a heart to love, and in that heart
> Courage to make his love known?

I know that what this passage says is true. I know that here under the poetic method we have one element after another thrown off from the centre of the mood; that the excitement in the poet's mind at this moment blazes and runs into innumerable reactions and nuances of feeling. Everything here in this verse springs from a centre and arrives, taken all together, at a unity. This passage is an exact rendering of an experience. Its particular truth consists in the whole of it; its metrical part, its images, its tone, all are inseparable from it and from one another. That it was a quality of statement more easily accessible in Shakespeare's own age is obvious. In that sixteenth-seventeenth century of his this elaboration and complexity and richness of mind were the common attributes of all art. Poetry, politics, crime, geography, clothes, furniture and letters and death-bed testaments ranged and glowed; all sought in their way magnificence, passionate power, luxurious extravagance, audacity, vast sighs and terrors and the fires of the soul. There is about this passage of Shakespeare's verse, then, the garment of the period. It carries its style as a Greek deity might have if Michelangelo had sculptured him, or like one of the Hebrew prophets in that grandiose torture and learned eloquence of the Sistine fresco. But even now, with the centuries passed over them, these lines for me have nothing difficult in them; to me they seem in any significant sense to be natural and inevitable. And I am shaken and lighted by them, widely, and exercised elaborately and richly, but no less truly for all that.

But often and often when I sat listening to the scenes of Macbeth in Mr. Hackett's production I had as I have never done before, a sense of the unnaturalness and futility of the poetic method employed. There the characters stood, in scenes that gave us castle walls and high chambers and halls, and read the verse not very well but not too badly; and for me most of it had no power, no stir, no shudder in it—not much drama and less poetry.

Mr. Hackett's Macbeth has many points of excellence; a fine voice and fair enough diction; a good presence and dignity; a serious mind toward the part, and a remarkably solid force by which he could dominate the scenes as Macbeth should. With the progress of the play Mr. Hackett is less interesting. And too often, it must be said his reading of the lines suggests that, in any exact sense, they mean about as little to him as they would have meant to the original chieftain. Imagination played a slight part in the portrait; and there was no primitive underlying shock and dark power and shadow of unknown forces. But yet Mr. Hackett's was a solid effort, with due evidence of study and of growth within rather prose limits. The other male characters were uninteresting and intermittent but not too bad.

Miss Clare Eames's acting in Lady Macbeth showed first of all what might be expected in so young an artist: inequality and a lack of sheer technical endurance. Miss Eames was at her worst in the banquet scene, where she needs more poise, more time and more concentrated rhythm. She was at her best in the earlier moments with Macbeth and in the sleep walking scene. In these she evinced a strange biting poetry, a pallor, a terrible pain and suppression, and such a quality of beauty, and of isolation within intense inner living, as few actresses could ever achieve. And finally Miss Eames was able to give to much of her playing, unequal as it was, an element of strangeness and of removal. She was, of course, very obviously out of key with the other playing, there was something subtle, immediate, personal, mediaeval, dantesque even, in most of her scenes; something of taut mentality and high nervous response, as contrasted with the sturdy peace maintained by most of the ensemble. But for my part I was deeply grateful to Miss Eames for being different; and I am obliged to say that save for three or four minutes of Mr. Hackett, the only bite and poetry in the performance came to me from her.

One thing, then, seems to me clear, and clearer than ever after this production of Macbeth.

I take my own case. Macbeth to me is the most astonishing of Shakespeare's plays, not so solid and perfect as Othello, not so comprehensive and profoundly universal and necessary as Hamlet, not so noble and large as King Lear. But these great plays have not in them so sudden and complete a power, so simple a pattern. In Macbeth, Shakespeare found ready to his hand, and more or less created also a theme that has in it something primitive and cerebral at once, something that seems to arise in a great shadow of forces out of the earth and through men's lives, something essentially barbarous and wild at heart, a shudder and an outline, set forth with a great directness and sauvity and power. And the image of the sleep walk is, beside Oedipus's entrance with his blinded eyes, one of the two great visual patterns in all drama. And yet I sit through this performance at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre for the most part unmoved, and even uninstructed, not to say relaxed.

The trouble for me boils down to this: a work of art depends for its truth not wholly on itself, alone; a part of its truth lies with the response made to it. It follows therefore that for each generation a restatement of the work of art must be made, a translation into living terms so that its truth may remain alive. Macbeth given in Elizabethan style,—even letter for letter, if we had the information to follow so precisely as that—would be a false thing, archaeologically interesting if you like but far from its profound truth; a mere dead fact. It ought to follow obviously then that this Victorian method of giving the play need no longer be true for us, no truer than the Elizabethan or Garrick's. In the Hopkins-Jones-Barrymore production, for all the inequality of the scenes and the acting hopelessly extraneous to the design, I remember to have had a shock of reality, a feeling in the Murder and Banquet scenes at least, of marvellous poetic truth.

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I should not say that we must do Macbeth that way either. But I do say that the principle of restatement attempted, which is the release through a medium closer to us—whatever that medium proves to be—of the life within the play, is the right and only direction to take. In this affair of canvas walls, daylighted, and in this daylight pedestrian speaking of verse, and especially in those bearded witches, done with admirable skill if you like—Shakespeare's Macbeth seems to be at the wrong distance. It is no longer right for me now; Shakespeare has no freedom in it, he is made to seem false. I have no scheme to further or suggest; but I do know that Shakespeare given in this fashion, and most of all Macbeth, gets from the audience mere conscience and respectful passivity with mild warmths of oratory coming in now and then. Macbeth can live for us only in so far as we discover for it our poetry, our strangeness. The vitality of Macbeth, the shadow, the fire of it, its great single line, are not securely and comfortably ours by mere inheritance; they are alive only through the pressing life and new wonder and invention and singleness that we can put into its performance.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Alpha Replies to Mr. Keynes

SIR: In your issue of January 23 appeared a letter from J. M. Keynes relating to an article on Reparations which I contributed under the penname of "Alpha" to the September issue of the quarterly review, Foreign Affairs. In that article I showed that Mr. Keynes's comments about the French reparation claim in his book, A Revision of the Treaty, were unjustified. His charge of bad faith was unfair, and his criticism of the claim as being two to three times as large as warranted by the facts was without merit, being based partly on an exaggeration of the claim through an error in his exchange calculations, partly on an irrelevant and superficial study of reconstruction costs, and for the part that was relevant, on two or three random comments on prewar values of such a casual nature as to make any serious examination of his estimate of damage impossible.

When Mr. Keynes charged the French with having made a faithless and extravagantly unveracious claim, he was apparently unaware that it was based on prewar records including a nation-wide survey of real property made for tax purposes in 1910, and that the French government made a 1,100 page printed report to the Reparation Commission in which the data and methods used were explained in great detail. Confronted by the biggest and most difficult valuation problem ever known, the French took pains to calculate their claim on established records to which reference could easily be had by the Commission, and which offered, besides, the only stable basis of valuation existing in the post-war confusion of fluctuating prices and exchange values. The facts were completely laid open, and Mr. Keynes has advanced nothing to shake them. But his statements carry weight with many persons, and an unwarranted presumption has been created against the French in the minds of thousands of readers of his books.

Mr. Keynes's letter to you is an amazing document. He pleads that the French claim for the devastated area was not stated in gold marks. But as it was stated in gold francs, his exaggerated statement of its gold mark value is not to be excused by any such plea, for the value of 30.6 billion prewar gold francs could never be anything else than 24.8 billion prewar gold marks. It is curious that Mr. Keynes, who is known as a monetary expert, should make a suggestion of falsehood against me in this connection. Even if I had stated that the French actually claimed 24.8 billion gold marks—which I did not—it would have been immaterial, for every high-school boy knows that gold coins have a fixed parity; 30.6 gold francs and 24.8 gold marks are one and the same thing, as they contain the same weight of precious metal.

He has not yet admitted the second of the mistakes which made his technical criticism of the claim worthless. In September I sent him an advance copy of my article containing the references necessary for confirming the fact that the claim was a prewar valuation. He nevertheless persists, in his letter to you and in letters to the London Times and the London Economic Review, in conveying the impression that this was not the case; that the claim was calculated at current prices and worked back. All readers of his letters in London and Paris who are directly concerned with reparations, and all others who have looked into the subject, know that the facts are as I stated them. Mr. Keynes has an opportunity to do an act of elementary justice to the French by helping to make the matter clear to the general reader.

In his allusions to the French as fraudulent claimants, as notoriously low taxpayers and as international Shylocks, Mr. Keynes has long dealt in abusive generalities. That is his privilege, but it is the right of the public to understand that these fulminations are mere rhetoric, with no basis of facts.

Science deals with facts. I invite Mr. Keynes to demonstrate that he is a man of science by categorically affirming or denying one simple question of fact: that the French claim was a 1914 valuation made directly on prewar records.

The practical importance of this today is to try to undo a little of the damage,—for, as Mr. Keynes said in commenting on the French claim in his book, "If men are in any way actuated by veracity in international affairs, a just opinion about it is still relevant to the reparation problem." "Let us agree," he said, "that we are employing figures to measure facts and not as a literary expression of love or hate."

GEORGE P. AULD.

Paris.

Can An Educated Man Have Faith?

SIR: It was with disappointment that I read Dr. Miller's conclusion to his otherwise brilliant article, Conscience and Bishops. In relation to the literal belief of the Virgin-birth, the Bishops, to quote from Dr. Miller, "pronounce that the position they oppose is based on inferior scholarship." This statement so irritated Dr. Miller that he could no longer remain silent—the time had come for plain speaking—so he makes the startling assertion that no thoroughly educated man believes in the literal Virgin-birth. So the divinity of Christ which is the very foundation of Christianity becomes a question of comparative scholarship.

Basing so far-reaching a conclusion on so inadequate a proof shows weakness. To state that no thoroughly educated man believes in the literal Virgin-birth is the converse of saying that anyone who believes in the literal Virgin-birth is not thoroughly educated. Every religious concept includes faith. Faith is believing in something that the finite mind cannot comprehend. To have faith one must believe in mysteries, for mysteries are but the occasions of faith. Accepting this, who is so thoroughly educated that he can have religion without faith and faith without mysteries? Can one, regardless of the degree of his education, give finite proof to an infinite truth? For all mysteries lie with the individual whose belief or faith is his only proof. Carrying the thoroughly educated idea to its logical conclusion one must be sans mysteries, sans faith, sans religion.

M. J. MCKEON.

Duluth, Minnesota.

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A Suggestion to Mr. Wells

SIR: I have been eager to learn more of Oundle since reading H. G. Wells's recent serial eulogy of Sanderson in the New Republic. It is the story of A Great Schoolmaster by A Greater Schoolmaster, for undoubtedly Wells has done more for the advancement of learning in its broad sense than any Englishman since Francis Bacon. Will not Mr. Wells tell us of the present plans and future hopes of Oundle and, possibly, sketch other schools similar in purpose that we should look forward to founding?

Perhaps he might become Head Master there or at one of these other schools himself. Here's to H. G. Wells—the Successor of Sanderson!

HENRY NICHOLSON.

Buffalo, New York.

"Do Workingmen Deserve Homes?"

SIR: I read with interest the article, Do Workingmen Deserve Homes? in your March 5 issue which opens with a comment on the attitude of savings banks' officials toward the housing situation.

I believe that the average savings bank president bases his refusal to contribute directly to the solution of the housing problem on the theory that the resources of his institution belong to the depositors and he is compelled to invest them in their interest so as to obtain the maximum rate of return, coupled with the maximum degree of safety. In New York City, at least, all other factors appear to be ignored. Loans are made secured by real estate mortgages, it is true, but the banks have been wholly indifferent, apparently, whether the loan aided the construction of lofts or office buildings or the construction of houses, and equally indifferent, in the latter case, whether the loan encouraged the erection of high class apartments, of which there were already sufficient in number to satisfy the needs of the community, or cheaper housing, so urgently required.

It might be unkind to point out that as a matter of fact the savings banks are receiving a greatly increased rate of interest at the present time, which they are sharing with their depositors only to a minor extent. They prefer rather to store up large surpluses and to invest huge sums in monumental buildings stupidly constructed from an economic viewpoint, in that, in order to make the greater display, they ignore the opportunity for revenue from stores on the ground floor.

The banks, however, should be brought to realize that, after all, their depositors in the aggregate constitute a most important part of the community, and that accordingly they *are* subject to the duty of helping to solve community problems. Our life insurance companies have already begun to realize this, both in their general health campaigns, and more specifically, in the contribution made by the Metropolitan Life toward the solution of New York's housing problem. In the investing of their funds, however, both the life insurance companies and the savings banks have generally failed to realize that the huge sums at their command may well be used to help solve vital public problems, without in any way jeopardizing the interests of the insured and the depositor.

At least in New York City the housing problem is most vital. New housing for the poor has never been, and never will be, supplied by private initiative. Economic processes cannot, in the long run, be expected to operate so as to produce houses for those who cannot afford an economic rent. Semi-philanthropic corporations with limited dividends have, in the past, helped to meet this situation. Their contribution has been hampered by lack of funds, and they could do much more if they received proper support from those financial institutions to which are entrusted the savings of the public. I believe that if these institutions were induced to lend their funds to limited dividend corporations engaged in construction of workingmen's homes at moderate rates of interest, viz: 4½ percent or 5 percent, and on as liberal a scale as safety would permit, they would be serving well the interests of their depositors or their policy holders. It might be possible if a more direct interest had to be sought, that the depositors or policy holders in the lending institution could be given a preference in the occupancy of such homes. In any event, the savings of the people should be invested with some attention to the needs of the people, and not with exclusive attention to the safety of the investment and the size of the return. Unless this principle is recognized, the accumulation of enormous funds in the treasuries of these institutions will be a detriment, rather than an advantage, to the community.

STANLEY M. ISAACS.

New York City.

Cracking the Immigration Nut

SIR: May I express my very great appreciation of your editorial on The Immigrant Question in your issue of February 27? You have as usual cracked the nut and got at the kernal of the situation, in suggesting that the quota be based on naturalization statistics rather than the artificial geographical selection of the Johnson bill. That provision coupled with a proper medical examination abroad by the physicians of the steamship companies, as a prerequisite to a visa by an American Consul, as recommended by the Interstate Conference on Immigration, should give us a workable immigration law that would admit the most desirable of all nationalities and at the same time alleviate the crowding at Ellis Island and consequent admission of thousands of undesirables yearly.

JOSEPHINE B. GRIDLEY,
Chairman Larchmont Branch
League of Women Voters.

Larchmont, New York.

Has Unemployment Decreased?

SIR: In your edition of March 5 in the article on Prices and Taxes you refer to the prosperous state of business and the lack of unemployment as supporting the arguments against the need for lower taxes. I am entirely in agreement with your contention against the Mellon plan, but I have wondered whether it could be tried in the present state of business. I know, of course, that Mr. Hoover, Judge Gary and other lights of the commercial world agree with you but for at least one section of the country their encouraging remarks are almost the only nourishment provided for a languishing industrial situation.

I am one of the national industrial secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. travelling over New York, New Jersey and New England. This means that I have an opportunity not only to talk with workers in various women's industries, but also to get reports from local Y. W. C. A. industrial departments. For the last four months we have been confronted with an increasing volume of unemployment among women in almost all of the cities in this region. Some of this in January is seasonal, but even for that season it is unusually widespread and serious. I have talked with silk workers from Paterson, corset-makers from Watertown, New York, textile workers from New Bedford and Lawrence, shoe workers from Lewiston, Maine, rubber and candy workers from Cambridge and all of them report the same thing, unemployment or slack times in unusual amounts. The same reports come in from secretaries all over this region. In almost every case workers will account to you for the slackness of their particular industry by some chance change in style or weather or in some cases because of congestion in the South or West. These factors, no doubt, enter in, but the sum of them means something more universal. Of course we are not in a position to make a scientific study, but our membership is usually a fair barometer of conditions.

Of course I realize this may be purely a sectional disturbance or it may be a part of that transfer of industry from this section of the country to others, nearer the base of raw material and unrestricted by labor laws. It may also be an unemployment largely of women—although I cannot discover that this is so.

My own suspicion has been that perhaps business men resolved to put a good face on the situation in view of the presidential year. I shall be very glad to know from you what was the basis for your optimistic comment on industry at present or whether this is a purely local disturbance.

GRACE L. COYLE.

New York City.

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Charles W. Eliot

A Late Harvest, by Charles W. Eliot. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $3.00.

THE first emotion any American will have in opening President Eliot's new volume, A Late Harvest, is one of pride in the character and achievement of the man, so happily commemorated on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. The book is made up of papers and addresses contributed by President Eliot on various occasions during the past ten years. They illustrate the variety of his interests, personal, social, educational, religious, and at the same time emphasize the integrity of a personality which will be recognized always as significant of the best that America had in itself to produce. They unite to mark the view-point attained by a distinctively generous and liberal mind in its long journey from the middle of the nineteenth century through the changing world. In their style, clear, precise, unadorned, impressive through simplicity and conviction, they preserve an enduring memory of their author in that distinction of character and dignity of utterance in which he is the first American of his day.

It is easy to be distinguished as king or kaiser, but President Eliot wears his distinction as part of the democratic tradition which he inherited from the fathers of his country, and in which he profoundly believes. In one of his essays he gives a definition of the American as "the product of certain moral inheritances." First, he is an immigrant or the descendant of one, often a nonconformist, escaping from tyranny, religious, political, social or economic. Second, he is a pioneer, or the descendant of one. He is thus likely "to be a man of individualistic quality, who nevertheless possesses a strong community-sense, and is ready to fight in defence of his family and his community." The American is opposed to military establishments, but ready to use "protective force." He believes in equality before the law, and for every individual "a just opportunity to do his best for the common good." Hence "he believes in universal education, and is always desiring the improvement of free schools." He believes in self-regulation of the conduct of life, rather than the supervision of a superior power, even if that power be more intelligent and better informed than he. Individualism in democracy is thus the essential concept in President Eliot's thought. This appears in his attitude toward education, general and professional, toward religion as exemplified by the free church, toward industry, and toward the conduct of life.

Naturally the subject on which President Eliot speaks with most authority is education, the field in which he has played so great a part in moulding the future of his country. As President Meiklejohn has remarked, the most important fact in recent education in this country is that Eliot was trained as a chemist. He was, as he reminds us, the first, and in his day the only, laboratory student in Harvard College. No less than Huxley was he the product of the scientific renaissance and like Huxley he holds that "the best part of all human knowledge has come by exact and studied observation, made through the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch;" and that "the most important part of education has always been the training of the senses through which that best part of knowledge comes." Education should therefore be realistic, based on phenomena, practical, related to experience.

These were the principles which guided President Eliot in his experiments in professional and college education at Harvard. His program once set in motion there, he turned to public education in the persuasion that "the educational publicist must keep in mind the interests of the ninety-five percent of the children, rather than those of the five percent; for it is on the wise treatment of the mass of the population during youth that a modern democracy must rely for assuring the public health, prosperity, and happiness." In this spirit he guided the proceedings of the Committee of Ten of the National Council of Education which undertook to provide a unified program for secondary education in this country. Both in college and secondary education it is true that President Eliot's confidence in democratic individualism led him to minimize matters of administration. Of himself he records as a matter of course "I began as a boy to use my mind intently several hours a day." Probably the mental inertness of the average American, college bred or not, is outside the range of his comprehension. The essential problem of education, "how to get from every pupil *hard work* but willing," is still largely unsolved. But optimism is too glorious a thing at ninety to be a subject of cavil; and a certain justification for it cannot be denied President Eliot when he records the answer he received from the Faculty of the Medical School in 1870: "Written examinations are impossible in the Medical School. A majority of the students cannot write well enough."

President Eliot's views upon the industrial situation follow from his conception of the place of individual initiative and character in a society to which it should be the ambition of all its members to contribute. To him the holding up of the country by the Railroad Brotherhoods in the passage of the Adamson law is an example of the ruthless domination by a class; the closed shop, an infringement upon the right of the individual to work. The union policies of uniform wage and limitation of output go far to complete what the factory system has begun i. e. the destruction of the best incentive to labor, that of satisfaction in good work. His remedies are coöperation between labor and capital, "an earnest desire on the part of employers to improve the men and women they employ in intelligence, health, comfort, and zeal," profit sharing, greater control by labor of its own conditions. He points out that "many people have come to the conclusion that the mere payment of weekly wages by employers, who constitute a small minority of the population, to employees who constitute a great majority, does not afford a basis for a just and humane organization of industrial society because it does not bring about identity of motive for fidelity and zeal in employers and employed alike." But he does not pursue this query into the fundamental situation created by pouring the new wine of industrialism into the old bottles of feudalism; nor does he consider the need of supplying another incentive to production than profit or wages.

In his last essay, The Next American Contribution to Civilization, President Eliot states his view of American participation in the World War. "The American youth who died in France . . . fought and suffered and died for the advancement of security among all classes and conditions of men, and in defence of human welfare and happiness wherever threatened." He accordingly holds to the view that America's present attitude of isolation is ignoble. Optimistically he sees the hundreds of college students and graduates who are attending camps for military

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instruction as marking their dislike of "the present attitude of the American Government toward suffering humanity," and preparing themselves to fight for "our traditional policies in favor of arbitration in international disputes, the development of international law, the maintenance of an International Court." To this view certain queries seem pertinent: e. g. whether, in view of the war aims of the Allies, determined in secret treaties among themselves and afterwards written into the Treaty of Versailles, America can be said to have fought for the promotion in the world of liberty, justice, peace; whether the policy of applying force without stint or limit to the situation in Europe is at the present time a valid precedent for promising a further application of force in Europe at the behest of a partial League of Nations, dominated by the victors; whether, in view of the results of this same policy, we can still believe in armed force as a method of ending war.

But if disagreement is occasionally possible with President Eliot's opinions there can be none with his ethos. Particularly interesting are the essays in which the author speaks simply and frankly of his own physical and mental life, the conscious moulding of that character, "zealous, beneficent, firm," which in an age of decay of Puritan New England remains its perfect flower. Not less so are those in which he writes of his earlier associates, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, the Agassiz family, Dean Langdell. In these last we are reminded of the grace and charm of personal intercourse and friendship which characterized the culture of that late New England society; and of the human, winning side of President Eliot's own personality, which makes even the association with him of one undergraduate among so many thousands, a memory to be prized among the most precious of a life time.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The High Place

The High Place, A Comedy of Disenchantment, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert McBride. $2.50.

EVERY one of Mr. Cabell's heroes is an articulate and philosophic child who cries for the moon. The Leshy of Poictesme and the society of Lichfield give the far-off pretty moon to the desirous child. For a time the child wanders the fabulous mountains and meets the obscene divinities (always ready for an argument) who visit their caprices upon the children of men. With these Elders the child disputes, and shows them to be quite illogical in their curious dispensations. They admit the want of logic and the need of fleshly importunities. Growing impatient the child defies their magic to find it only so much hanky-panky got up to seduce mankind into blind worship and planetary doom. The child (somewhat in the manner of Alice) suffers from spurious miracles and wakes up in Lichfield.

Though James Branch Cabell takes the wings of fancy and flies to the uttermost obscure corners of his Poictesme, lo! he finds only Lichfield and respectability and dreams shrunk to a handful of dust in the barter of society and boredom of marriage. Poictesme and Lichfield, romance and realism, are one and indivisible. The cloud city is only a mirage drawing the credulous romantic across the bleak and level desert; and once the traveler thinks himself come to the golden province he discovers himself again within the narrow town of his imprisonment. Like Jurgen he may solace his grief with a dialectic which ridicules the pretensions of the gods. Like Manuel he may wear the cloak of the Redeemer and know the irony of his gospel. Like Florian de Puysange in The High Place he may simply shrug his shoulders. Florian is a French nobleman and his shrug is the appropriate gesture. Under a similar disenchantment Jurgen went on talking, and Townsend decided that there is an Aristophanes in Heaven. It is all the same thing. Jurgen by any other name is still Jurgen. Mr. Cabell dreams the same dream over and over, and each dream he calls by a different name.

All of Mr. Cabell's incantations remind one of the man who hated another so much that he imagined a hotel with five hundred rooms and his enemy dead in every one of the rooms. Manuel and Townsend and Jurgen and Florian are all the same romantic who visits five hundred rooms in the legendary city and finds his dream dead in every one of the rooms. It is the same dream, and for all the accident of time and space the room is the same room. Florian must practise his golden mean, "Thou shalt not offend against the notions of thy neighbors" in the home of the demigods because the demigods live in Lichfield. Like Jurgen he can believe in none of the gods because he knows that under the light of logic all life must display the incoherency of a child's dreaming. The gods within and the gods without are both vain appearances in the dream of some mighty Dreamer whose creatures Jurgen and Florian and the gods are to their own despite.

Tweedledee told Alice that the Red King was dreaming about her, and should he wake she would go out like a candle. When she wept and protested that she could not weep in a dream Tweedledee asked her if she thought those were *real* tears? And so when Jurgen or Florian argues with the Leshy or Janicot, these Tweedledees refer the mortal to the mighty Red King. They are all Alice in Wonderland quick-change artists with an incurable frivolity of dialectic spun in a dream that is itself the shadow of another dream.

Florian de Puysange is supposed to live in the seventeenth century in France. As a dreaming boy he has climbed the High Place and seen the delectable beauty of Melior; and so again in his manhood and on the eve of his fourth marriage he turns aside from Poictesme, ascends the High Place, and by the aid of Janicot, the brown Prince of the World, wins to marriage with Melior. His disillusionment pursues the old familiar course. The rose of desire withers to a prattle of household inanities. He is the philosophic sceptic of demonology, and the High Place is the miraculous chapel housing the corrupt immortals and decoying the romantic soul of man into the sepulchre of dreams whose substance fades forever and forever as James Branch Cabell, disguised as Jurgen or Florian or Manuel, works the glittering and illusory web of his imagining.

Isn't the tapestried merry-go-round of Mr. Cabell's disillusionment beginning to take on the aspect of weariness and an interminable ritual of monotony? Even if every true artist does dream the same dream over and over he should at least present a dome of many-colored glass and not so unmistakable a series of reduplicated windows all stained in purple and scarlet with figures drawn so obviously from the same model. Even Mr. Cabell's plays on words according to Boccaccio sound more and more as if they are done from a sober sense of duty. The High Place lies too near the tired earth of Poictesme and the hearts of the gods are hardening to stone and their tears are frozen in blind and heavy-lidded eyes.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS.

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He Whom Spain Feared Most

The Hero of the Filipinos, by Charles Edward Russell and E. B. Rodriguez. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

SPAIN'S masters go on dodging the whirlwind. Cable dispatches a few months ago indicated that the people there were turning against the iron goad which had been at their backs for centuries—the rule of divine right. But recent developments reveal that last year's "revolution" was merely a crafty political gesture, designed to satisfy temporarily the burning public indignation against the military blunders in Morocco, where 10,000 men were allowed to be cut to pieces. By censoring the press and jailing or deporting all who protest, the Rivera dictatorship is able to postpone the inevitable uprising.

It is only a matter of time, however, until the Spanish people will seize the goad from the hands of their oppressors as did the natives of Cuba and the Philippines. Revolt and release by violence came in the island colonies when the dominators had pressed the iron too deeply, had gone too far with thumbscrew and rack and firing squad. . . . In Cuba and the Philippines the slaughter and sacrifice were not so concentrated as in Morocco; but the horror was no less, for across countless years the Spanish despots deliberately robbed of every right all who asserted individuality; flogged men and tortured them; laughed at the raping of women; shot order and obedience into the natives with musket-balls.

In the dramatic story of José Rizal, the great man of the Malay race who was officially murdered in 1896, the joint authors, Russell and Rodriguez, have effectively portrayed the whole terrible history of the Philippines. That the islands might be set free, Rizal devoted his life, and at thirty-six went unflinchingly to death before the rifles on Bagumbayan Field.

Cheers and laughter arose from the crowd as Rizal fell. Women waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands; men shouted with delight. The band played the national anthem. "Viva España!"—a great day for Spain.

This man had been hated more than any other by the masters, for he had told more truth about them than anyone else. In his flaming novel, Noli Me Tangere, written and published in Europe, he had laid bare the rottenness of the two-caste social system in the Philippines, which kept the Malay race under the heel of the savage white. Smuggled in, this book had been circulated throughout the archipelago despite desperate governmental efforts to suppress it. Any Filipino found possessing a copy of Noli Me Tangere was imprisoned or deported, and his property confiscated for the benefit of whoever informed against him. But decrees, civil guards, spies, and inquisition were powerless to keep that 500-page volume from the people.

For the first time, one of the victims of the continuous terror had dared tell the whole truth; the corrupt, greedy, tyrannical friar, the plundering, swaggering, brutal Spanish officer, the beneficiaries of the System and those consenting to it, saw themselves for the first time pilloried in print.

When José Rizal was eleven, his parents drew the fire of military and judicial wrath. His father had declined to feed a lieutenant's horse when fodder was scarce; a judge coming uninvited to the Rizal home fancied his reception lacked cordiality. Rizal's mother was arrested on manufactured charges of conspiracy and theft. For two years she was in prison, humiliated at every turn.

This thing was a whip laid upon the soul of the boy, then in preparatory school. In the face of a school system designed to keep Filipinos down, his passion for knowledge carried him along like a tremendous wind. He saw the Filipino held in subjection not because he was inferior in capacity to the white, but through power born of military strategy; his race was like a river dammed back by some arbitrary force. But one day the barriers would be broken —by education of the people.

Believing this, he set out to educate himself to the utmost degree. In a few years he knew twelve languages, mastering Japanese in a month, and had become poet, sculptor, painter, novelist, economist, physician, and engineer—competent in each field. There is ample evidence in this vivid and expansive book by Russell and Rodriguez that the Malay mind is not inferior to the Caucasian; that what it needs is sun and air; that between mind and mind there is no racial distinction; that all the children of earth under like conditions will average about the same results.

Despite all historic precedent, he believed independence could come through bloodless revolution. He could not accept one condition of violence as a cure for another condition of violence. But the System was slowly forcing a revolt, after the manner of all drunken power. To lay bare that System's iniquities was to send against it the torch and the ax. Every page of Noli Me Tangere was in effect a call to battle, though Rizal never suspected this.

He wrote voluminously in periodical and pamphlet, and his writings aroused his people, awakened confidence in them. . . . In 1896 revolt was imminent in the Philippines. Official Spain was panic-stricken; the natives needed an object-lesson. So charges were cooked up against Rizal, best beloved of the people; charges reminiscent of those against Christ—"This man spake blasphemy." Not before a civil court was Rizal tried, but by a court martial, organized to slay. A mock trial; and he was sentenced to be shot within twenty-four hours.

His death was the signal for his brown brothers to rise. Guns came from thickets, roofs, carabao stalls; ragged, badly fed, untrained, the Filipinos swept toward the Spanish strongholds by thousands. Men without rifles fought with bolos until with the first encounter they could wrest guns from the Spaniards. They overwhelmed their oppressors because they had been fired with a vision of freedom and a holy wrath against the System that had murdered their champion. . . . "Viva España!" Three years and twenty-nine days after the hanging of John Brown the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. Twenty months and seventeen days after Rizal fell Aguinaldo captured the Manila waterworks and had the city at his mercy; three days later it surrendered to the American forces under Dewey, who coöperated with the Filipinos.

Seven million human beings were set free from the Spanish yoke, after 325 years. Their freedom, however, was brief. The first Philippine Congress met, and a republic was organized. But the United States refused to recognize that republic, and citing an absurd treaty made in Paris, insisted upon sovereignty over all the Philippines. For $20,000,000 it had bought of Spain a title that Spain did not possess. War between the Filipinos and the United States followed—and finally peace, or a semblance of peace. But the fires of bitterness and desire for liberty still burn fiercely underground. Men who love Rizal's memory are working unceasingly to bring consummation of the promise by the United States to grant complete independence to their nation.

This volume ought to be on the permanent shelves of every student of history; it is a book of tragedy and hope and light.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

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A Page of Fiction

Riceyman Steps, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

MR. BENNETT has written another synthetic novel. Like Mr. Prohack, Riceyman Steps is compounded from the number of things about human nature which Mr. Bennett has in the course of his long life passed through his intellectual filter. He pours these things thoughtfully from their phials and creates Henry Earlforward, the miser book-seller of Clerkenwell, with his dusty shop and old, well-polished slippers; he creates Violet Arb, plump and parsimonious confectioner to be the wife of Henry, and then he animates the pair with absurd, trivial, insistent truth. He is too detached, too entertained by the characters he has created to make the story of T. T. Riceyman tragic. The ominous sequence of events on Riceyman Steps is life at the small end, lightened by Mr. Bennett's congenital irony. But there is also Elsie, whose absorption in Earlforward's concerns is the chief excuse for the Earlforwards, and Elsie belongs to the broad spaces. It is characteristic of Mr. Bennett to find salt of the earth in a charwoman. Elsie is more than a chemical compound of human foibles. Imperturbable, shy, capable, she dominates the book as an actual human being, sometimes startling even her author out of his detachment. And so in the compounding of Riceyman Steps there is a trace of alchemy.

E. V.

Horatio's Story, by Gordon King. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THIS book has few equals, among the works of young men at least, for level softness of tone and modulation. The story is informed by the gentle moderation of the narrator, a scholar playing philosophically a minor part and devoted with inexplicable, dog-like steadfastness to Rhoda Lispenyard, his protagonist. Rhoda "was a wilful, self-centered girl; a testy young woman; a joyful lover; a neglected wife." Her struggles to achieve an independent personality arouse dislike to the exclusion of pity. But the beautifully woven texture of the setting, the sympathetically interpretative delineation of the subject, the relevance and cohesion of detail, make of his uncompromising material a delicate and dignified, if minor, work of art.

E. G.

Lass of the Sword, by C. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

ONE of those novels that lie halfway between the gossamer land of faerie and the harder substance of human relationships—the sort of thing that should be done delicately or whimsically or humorously or beautifully or not at all. Mr. Lawrence does it prettily, which, after all, is something. Those who like Jeffery Farnol will simply love it.

H. B.

The Heir, by V. Sackville-West. New York: George H. Doran. $2.00.

MISS SACKVILLE-WEST, with a trace of sentimental hauteur, pronounces the title-story of her collection, The Heir—A Love Story and unfolds a tale of the subtle seduction of a prosaic little insurance-clerk by his romantic heritage. The quiet witchcraft of ancient houses, the peace and dignity of gentle tradition, are presented with a sincerity that wins the reader along with the Heir,—until the catastrophe precipitates him into bathos from the very threshold of art. Of the other stories only one, Her Son, emerges from the strained mediocrity which seems to us the result of the author's struggle against *her* inheritance for a "dramatic realism" wholly unnatural to her. When, instead of resisting her tradition, she consents to become its devout interpreter she is at once more charming and more convincing.

D. B. W.

The Triumph of the Nut, and other parodies, by Christopher Ward. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

IN this book one is likely to meet old friends—John Webster, nude, thinking great thoughts, Lee Clavering before Marie Zittany's doorstep, dreaming a column before the dawn, Captain Bloodless, waylaying the whole Spanish main, and even Anthony Blaine, drifting from Ghunga Dhin to Ghordon Ghin. Mr. Ward has written parodies of a dozen or so contemporary novels. Summarization of a single book in the shape of a travesty is not, I think, the highest order of parody, but Mr. Ward has done well with what he started to do. Some of his efforts, notably The Triumph of the Nut, Blacker Oxen, and Paradise Be Damned!, are triumphant—uproarious humor and a very shrewd critical wit combined. Mr. Ward's epic about John Webster is the best parody I have read since Max Beerbohm's Scruts and Shaw's version of Macbeth as Arnold Bennett would have written it. Good parody, I take it, should be both good criticism and good humor. Christopher Ward's book, in the main, is both.

J. G.

Mastro-Don Gesualdo, by Giovanni Verga, translated by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

"BEWARE of excelling!" might be the motto of Giovanni Verga's great tragedy of the exceptional man. The image of Mastro-Don Gesualdo, isolated by his superior powers from shiftless fellow-peasant almost as completely as from decayed aristocracy, and beset by both alike, is as painful as the spectacle of a bull baited by dogs, and the catastrophe as inevitable. Mr. Lawrence's translation spares us no squalid detail of the dark picture, representing with almost loving care the utterest, heartsickening depths of human baseness portrayed by the master's hand.

D. B. W.

The Family at Gilje, by Jonas Lie. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $2.00.

EVEN in translation it is atmosphere that gives charm to this chronicle of a Norwegian country family. The story is without beginning and without end; the people in it live a little and grow a little; some of them die, others are left going on much as they began. There is no thrill of adventure, no suspense, no powerful appeal to the emotions. There is only the honest sketching, in few strokes but suggestive, of a phase of life that Lie knew with his heart. A book worth reading if only to give us the sense of reality from a fresh angle.

E. R.

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The Delinquent Woman

An Experimental Study of Psychopathic Delinquent Women, by Edith R. Spaulding, M. D. Introduction by Katharine Bement Davis. New York: Published for the Bureau of Social Hygiene by Rand McNally and Company. $2.50.

PROBABLY a group of delinquent persons has never received the same degree of organized attention as that given the women in the New York State Reformatory at Bedford Hills during the period from 1913 to 1918, when Dr. Davis was in charge of the institution. This may be said because a private benefaction made it possible to add to the facilities of the state both a Laboratory of Social Hygiene and a Psychopathic Hospital engaging the services of a large research staff composed of psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, investigators and statisticians. Nothing could have been better conceived, and three reports of first-rate importance have now appeared, one by Dr. Davis on prostitution, one by Dr. Mabel Fernald, Dr. Hayes and Miss Dawley on the delinquent women at Bedford Hills and in the whole state, unequalled in its way but largely concerned with mental testing and statistics, and the present admirably executed report on the treatment of the most desperate cases, where the subject was both delinquent and psychopathic.

The practical value of Dr. Spaulding's study lies, of course, in the description of the method and the account of the successes and failures. But passing that over, an examination of the forty-four case-histories given in some detail raises certain question concerning behavior and behavior difficulties. These girls were the worst in the institution, truly incalculable and terrifying personalities—sullen, dishonest, over-active, self-pitying, suicidal, tale-bearing, irritable, opinionated, insolent, fault-finding, loquacious, spitting, dirty, obscene, homosexual, assaultive, homicidal. They served their sentences, gave unspeakable trouble, showed in general no improvement, and when discharged the prognosis was usually recorded as "bad." But four years later, in connection with the preparation of this volume, these cases were wisely reinvestigated, in order to determine the present status of the girls, and this revealed an interesting situation. Two were insane, four were dead, five had disappeared from view, eleven were unchanged, that is, remained bad, and twenty-two, or half of the number, had "straightened up," "settled down," or were living inoffensively. The record shows also that many of the girls had had an uneventful childhood and that their initial delinquency was related to some incident, chagrin, mischance, uncertainty or desperation connected with the critical period of puberty, and we may surmise with some temporary condition of glandular imbalance. Did these girls settle down because of their hospital experience or in spite of it? Is it a fact that, with all its imperfections, a reformatory conducted as wisely as this one has a beneficial habit-forming effect which we have been slow in recognizing? Are behavior difficulties mainly due to unfortunate social experiences, and not to bad heredity? Does "mentality" play an important rôle, or is mental testing an unfortunate diversion of attention from the main problem?

The materials of this experiment thus far presented raise these questions without greatly illuminating them, and the experiment was terminated after five years. But what can you expect of science in five years? We do not limit chemical and physical and biological and medical research to five years. Science requires time and many shiftings of standpoint and the accumulation of a great variety of data some of which reveal truth and find practical applications. Perhaps, on the other hand, we need not lament the termination of this particular experiment. Presumably its authors found that they had for the present reached the limit of their technique and were forced to go behind the behavior difficulties as they *exist* and study them as they *develop*—in the present Bureau of Social Hygiene. But even so, those who are specially interested in these questions are aware that the records of this experiment—certainly hardly less than a thousand cases—are among the most significant documents in this field. And documents are badly needed for purposes of comparison, in as much detail as possible. Nothing would be more welcome to students of behavior than five or more volumes containing selected cases from these archives representing behavior situations and types of personality.

W. I. THOMAS.

The Log of a Forty-Niner, edited by Carolyn Hale Russ. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. Private Edition, limited.

THIS printing of the Journal of Richard Lunt Hale describing a trip by sea from New England to the Pacific Coast and return between 1849 and 1854, including many interesting experiences while in the West, constitutes a thrilling narrative, a valuable addition to the source-material of American history, and an admirable illustration of the art of the modern printer at his best.

H. E. B.

A Correction

In our issue of March 19 "Poems" by Grace Hazard Conkling was incorrectly attributed in the table of contents to Hazel Conkling.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, philosopher, educator and writer, is the author of Studies in Logical Theory, School and Society, and Democracy and Politics. His most recent book is Human Nature and Conduct, An Introduction to Social Psychology.

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CHARLES MERZ was graduated from Yale in 1915. He has been a member of the editorial staff of the New Republic, Harper's Weekly, and the New York World.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS has taught at Harvard and Stanford, and is now a lecturer in English at Columbia. He has written a book of fantasies, From Their Galleries.

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W. I. THOMAS is the author of A Source Book for Social Origins, The Polish Peasant, Sex and Society, The Unadjusted Girl, etc.

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